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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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"Whom the Gods Would Destroy . . . ."

THIS week the world faces the expected result of General MacArthur's gamble. Most people outside the United States (and Formosa) understood the appalling risk of his advance to the Isthmus and then, in spite of his declaration that North Korean resistance was at an end, to the Manchurian frontier. Every experienced diplomat and journalist in Europe knew that the Chinese were only following normal precedent in mobilising to protect their frontier as MacArthur advanced, and that China could not be expected to accept U.N. assurances when they had been given to understand that U.N. forces would not advance beyond the Isthmus.

Official circles agree that China has behaved, at least up to this week, with considerable restraint. When MacArthur approached the power stations on which most of Manchurian industry depends, they drove him back. When he repeated the attack, this time with a light-hearted promise that "the boys will be home by Christmas," the Chinese acted decisively. It would have been convenient if their delegates at Lake Success had been prepared to state their case in Korea; but their contemptuous attitude does not affect the argument. It is clear that in any case MacArthur acted in defiance of all common sense, and in such a way as to provoke the most peace-loving nation. It is also possible, as MacArthur would now have us believe, that the Chinese were long preparing a great offensive, and that they concerted a plot with Russia to draw us into an insane war in Asia. In that case, why should we fall into the trap?

MacArthur has presented the Communists with a propaganda weapon which may enable them to capture Asia. If war develops between China and the West, millions of Asians, who are united in their desire for independence, whatever else may divide them, will be aroused to boiling point. The effects on India are incalculable; the repercussions in Indo-China, Malaya and even, eventually, in Japan are easy to guess. The Chinese possess hundreds of thousands of seasoned troops who can be sent to the aid of revolt everywhere along the vast Asian seaboard. It may be added that innumerable coloured people throughout the world, who are not Communists, would prefer the Communist side in a war which they would be bound to regard as White imperialist aggression against nations refusing to accept colonial status.

In Europe the effects will scarcely be less devastating. The Government of France may be persuaded by American pressure to vote for war against China; but the French people will be driven by such action into an even more profound defeatism, while the Western Germans will be even more disinclined to accept enforced unconditional rearmament. If the Americans lock up all their operational units in the icy wastes of Manchuria, then indeed Western Europe and the Middle East will be left open for any Russian pressure, and even more Western Europeans will be ready to come to almost any terms with the Eastern Bloc. The hope of either Western European or Atlantic unity will disappear. MacArthur will prove Stalin's best ally.

Finally, we have to consider the position of this country. The British people would defend themselves against a Soviet invasion. There is, however, no feeling at all against China—indeed, there is a very general understanding in all classes that Mao Tse-tung's revolution brought new hope to a country which had for centuries been plundered and misgoverned. If the British Government were to allow itself to be drawn, however reluctantly, into war with China, the prevalent apathy of much of the British people would turn into an active anti-war mood. The war would not merely split the Labour Movement from end to end; it would shatter the whole conception of democratic Socialism.

MacArthur seems to have intended to reach the Yalu River before discussion on a settlement in Korea began in the Security Council. If we are to believe Chiang Kai-shek's statement after MacArthur's visit to Formosa, the General has long looked forward to an American invasion of Communist China. His supporters in Congress are even now clamouring that he should be allowed to bomb, or atom-bomb, Manchuria—a demand which is strengthened by the publication of each U.S. casualty report. President Truman, who is not without courage and common sense, has so far listened to protests from America's allies (which include Britain and the Commonwealth) and has so far denied MacArthur the military convenience of bombing Mukden or Harbin. Let us be clear about this. Once Manchurian cities are made targets for American bombers, the Third World War has begun. Let us also be

clear that the U.N. Forces can be driven out of Korea by the Chinese and Russians as easily as the cities of China and Russia can be bombed, and that the result, except in terms of human life and the destruction of beauty, will be completely indecisive.

Since Mr. Truman, Mr. Acheson and the U.S. Chiefs of Staff are none of them mad, the British Government has a last opportunity of intervening effectively. We do not believe that Britain runs the risk of quarrelling with America if she is outspoken. Today there are many in influential positions in the U.S.A. who wait expectantly for some support from progressive Europe. The real danger lies in acquiescence, leading, when it is too late, to recoil and recrimination. Mr. Bevin talked wisely on Wednesday about the fatal mistake of failing to recognise Communist China on the Security Council and all the party leaders in the House welcomed the idea of Four-Power talks. A British initiative would meet with enthusiastic support in India and all non-satellite countries.

First of all, Britain should frustrate all attempts to name China as an "aggressor." That word once used, every act of violence, from atom-bombing downwards, is legally justified. That madness is what the United Nations will commit if the gods have indeed marked them out for destruction. There is now, however, no reason why the U.N. should not, as a first step, call for a Cease-Fire—with the proviso that, while General MacArthur retreats to restore his line, he—or preferably his successor—should be formally and precisely instructed to refrain from all further offensive action.

Aid for Tito

The Yugoslav-American agreement of November 21 carries Marshal Tito another long step towards the West. It is primarily a military agreement. A sum of $105 millions is to be made available by Washington and is to be used in such a way—in the words of the agreement—as "to prevent the weakening of their (the Yugoslav) national defences." In return for this loan, Belgrade is to continue to export to the United States "strategic raw materials" and semi-manufactured goods. Consistent with their general attitude towards financial aid of this kind, the Americans have apparently made their help conditional upon Yugoslavia's accepting some form of American control commission. A passage in the new agreement, evidently providing for the needs of such a commission, renders it obligatory on the Yugoslav Government to supply the American authorities with dinars for administrative purposes.

Both in form and substance, clearly, this agreement marks a big departure from previous arrangements for financial aid from the West. Although the Yugoslavs since 1948 have received a number of small loans and grants-in-aid from both Washington and London, on no occasion before this have they proved willing to accept conditions. It is now possible to see that circumstances in Belgrade are so altered as to permit the Western Powers a wide measure of control and supervision over the manner in which aid is used; and it is doubtless against this new background that the recent British credit to Yugoslavia has also to be seen.

MORE
CHRISTMAS BOOKS
NEXT WEEK

The Next Step?

It seems certain that the Yugoslav Government would have refused such precise conditions for aid as those to which they have now agreed—had economic necessity not forced them to agree. The immediate reason for an acute food shortage, amounting in some parts of the country to near-famine, is doubtless the severe drought of last summer and autumn; but drought was only the last straw. Already, last Spring, the prices of food in Belgrade had risen astronomically; it was known that the Government had failed to induce the peasants to maintain, much less expand, the area under cereals; and the shortage of consumer goods, no less acute, made any improvement in food deliveries seem improbable. The hostility of the Cominform countries can be blamed neither for bad planning nor for the dwindling area under cultivation.

Whether the Yugoslav leaders, with one foot now firmly in the Western camp, will judge it wiser and safer to follow with the other foot, remains to be seen. "The agreement goes so far," comments the prudent correspondent in Belgrade of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, "that one may now speak of a factual joining of the Western block by Yugoslavia. Small modifications would make it possible for the American help to include deliveries of arms." Minor political concessions are already being made. Some of the Greek children in Yugoslavia are being sent back to Greece; a number of American citizens who formerly held dual nationality are to be permitted to resume their Yugoslav citizenship. Criticism of the Western Powers has practically disappeared from the press; and criticism of the Soviet Union has grown perceptibly tougher. That such clear approaches to the West may have far-reaching psychological effects on the Yugoslav Communist Party seems at least likely; and it is perhaps against this probability that one should view the recantation of Sreten Zujovic, one of the two leading Communists who opposed Tito in 1948. This recantation certainly comes at a most convenient moment.

Elections in Bavaria

This week's provincial elections in Bavaria—the largest of the eleven *Länder* of the Federal Republic, and the third to hold elections within the last few weeks—confirm the trends in Hesse and Württemberg-Baden. A significant portion of the electorate has swung away from support of the Centre parties (principally the Christian Democrats and the Free Democrats) and improved to that extent the representation of the Social-Democrats on the Left and of the new Nationalist groups and parties on the extreme Right. In Bavaria, the Social-Democrats appear to have swept the towns, and polled 28 per cent. of the votes (with the Communists, incidentally, polling only 1.9 per cent.) against their 23 per cent in 1948. Although Bavaria has been justifiably regarded as the heart and centre of Christian Democratic loyalty, this time the Social Democrats polled about 60,000 more votes than the Christian Social Party, which is the Bavarian label for the Christian Democrats. At the other end of the scale the immediate success of the newly organised Refugee Coalition, polling over a million votes, undoubtedly reflected the frustration and bitter discontent of the great masses of refugees who are living—as they believe temporarily—in Bavaria.

The central issues in this election were clearly those of re-militarisation and social distress. In campaigning against the formation of a German army of any kind—at least until the Federal Republic is given full sovereignty—the Social-Democrats have clearly touched a deeply sympathetic chord. Most Germans, Mr. McCloy's advice notwithstanding, do not seem to want re-militarisation, whether because they are tired of war or because they believe that war could only make a battlefield of Germany. Dr. Schumacher, pressing this line as hard as he can, continues to repeat his demand for a new general election at which the electorate could pronounce upon re-militarisation. In doing so, he becomes exceedingly unpopular with the occupying Powers, who maintain that the present *Bundestag* is still representative enough to pass judgment on the issue of re-militarisation; there are even signs that the Americans, rather than consent to a new general election, are ready to admit the Social-Democrats into a coalition with the Christian Democrats. But Schumacher, apparently sure of his ground, is understood to have rebuffed such advances.

New Blow to East-West Trade

It is reported from Paris that Great Britain, France, and the U.S.A. have agreed on a further series of restrictions on East-West trade and are trying to persuade all the Atlantic Pact countries, and also Sweden and Switzerland, to fall into line. The new agreement, it is stated, not only extends greatly the list of banned exports from the West, but also sets out to limit by global quotas for all the Western countries the quantities of a wide range of industrial materials that may be supplied. This plan, should it be allowed to come into force, will involve a sharp intensification of the Cold War, and therewith a further forcing of West European trade into unnatural channels. In particular, it will intensify competition between British and Continental (especially German) exporters, and will put the countries behind the Iron Curtain even more than now into a position of dependence on the Soviet Union.

Even if it is regarded as necessary to accept some restrictions on the export of strategic materials and machinery to Eastern Europe, the attempt to extend them to everything that could possibly be useful in war is plainly inconsistent with any pattern of trade at all compatible with sustained economic recovery in the West, or even with the meeting of Western Europe's need for food and fodder imports from the East. Moreover, it is bound to cut off supplies of materials, such as coal from Poland, which the West needs but cannot expect to get unless it is prepared to offer a real equivalent to the exporting countries.

Full Circle in Eritrea

With all its practical defects, the General Assembly compromise which federates Eritrea to Ethiopia at least means that the U.N. has tried to redeem one of the sins of the League of Nations and add a decent postscript to a sordid page of history. The still dubious fate of the 20,000 Italians now in Eritrea and the conscription of the unwilling Moslems of the Western Province into the federation are at any rate less cynical than the Hoare-Laval Pact. The arguments used by Mussolini for the rape of Abyssinia—that his colony was not economically viable without the hinterland on which it depended for foodstuffs, markets and a large entrepôt trade—have been applied in reverse. Ethiopia will get its access to the Red Sea; Haile Selassie will become the ruler of the Federation, in which the former Italian colony will be a self-governing territory subject to the Crown. This union was the demand of the Christian Copts, the Eritrean majority, and of the Moslems of the Central Highlands and Red Sea Province. The remaining Moslems objected, but the alternative solution to the incorporation in Ethiopia of the Western Province—the British suggestion that they should be included in the Sudan—did not win the support of the necessary two-thirds majority.

Settlement and Deadlock

It is welcome news that the long-standing wages dispute in the engineering industry has now been settled by an agreement which provides for an increase of 11s. a week to skilled, and 8s. to unskilled workers. On the railways, however, negotiations have reached a deadlock, and the three railway trade unions are making a joint approach to the Minister of Labour for arbitration on their claims. They felt strongly about the Executive's demand that the "conditions" must be accepted before negotiations could proceed further. The Railway Clerks Association, though the "conditions" did not affect its members directly, had expressed its entire agreement with the other unions that the Railway Executive's proposal must be rejected on principle. The Locomotive Engineers strongly opposed the extension of "lodging turns"; and they also shared with the N.U.R. the objection to the proposed conditions about overtime. Had the wage offer been unconditional, the unions would probably have accepted it as a basis for discussion, though none of them regarded it as adequate. The N.U.R., at any rate, would also have been prepared to negotiate about the "conditions" if they had been put forward separately from the wage offer.

The next step under normal conditions would have been an appeal to the Railway Staff National Tribunal, which would have power to make an award; but the unions refuse to go to the Tribunal as long as the "conditions" remain attached to the wage offer. Thus, in effect, the Minister of Labour, who has already once referred the wages question back to the industry's negotiating machinery, is being asked to consider whether the procedure of tacking on conditions, and insisting on their acceptance before wage-negotiations can proceed, is or is not a legitimate form of collective bargaining. The unions hold strongly that, even if wages are subject to compulsory arbitration under emergency powers, that does not authorise an employer to bring other questions of working conditions within the scope of the wage-arbitration machinery.

Paris Worries and Whitewash

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Even the M.R.P. *L'Aube*, usually reflecting the polite views of M. Schuman, could scarcely refrain on Saturday from going off the deep end over MacArthur's "final offensive" in Korea. "That this should have happened," it wrote, "at the very moment the Chinese delegation was arriving at Lake Success, and just after Mr. Bevin's reassuring message to Mao Tse-tung, is so peculiar that one cannot but wonder whether MacArthur, without consulting the State Department, did not decide to present Uno with a *fait accompli*." This is only a pale reflection of the real indignation felt in all French political quarters over this latest development. If the President to-morrow sacked MacArthur (one commentator remarked), Truman's portrait would replace Picasso's dove.

Last week's Assembly debate on Indo-China was inconclusive. The French think they can hold the Tonkin Delta with their own forces, provided they receive material help from America; but they intend to "internationalise" the war if China is found to be "overflowing" into Viet Nam. Many pious hopes were expressed over the eventual formation of a "real" Vietnamese—i.e., Bao Dai—army, but no clear decisions were taken. M. Mendès-France, speaking for himself, and not for the Radical Party (most of whom voted the other way) again came forward with an impressive speech in favour of negotiations with Viet Minh as the *only* chance of ending the war soon, of stopping the financial drain, ruinous to the whole of French economy, and of preserving for France an honourable place in Indo-China. Although he was loudly cheered by the Socialists, most of these nevertheless voted for "continuing the war effort." The debate and the vote demonstrated once again the absence of a clear long-term policy on Indo-China.

On the home front, the crisis brought about by the adverse vote on the Communist motion to impeach M. Moch was unexpected, and it is too soon to assess the consequences. Previously, there had been a lot of curious gossip surrounding the recent De Gaullist proposal that Pétain be amnestied and allowed to leave his island prison. The motion was heavily defeated at the National Assembly, not because anyone seriously objected to letting the *old man* go, but because such an amnesty of *the Marshal* would, indirectly, have whitewashed all collaborators. A big principle and a symbol were involved. According to persistent rumours, the De Gaullists proposed the Pétain amnesty on the initiative of the Vatican which was never very tough on the Nazis and has, since the war, always done its best for collaborators in all countries. The story goes that the Vatican, finding the M.R.P. rather too "Leftist" for its tastes, would like the French clergy to shift their support from the M.R.P. to the De Gaullists in the next election—and the support of the Church and the curé is not something to be sneezed at by any parliamentary candidate. In return, the story goes, the Vatican desired the De Gaullists to propose the liberation of Pétain. According to the usually well-informed *Canard Enchaîné*, M. Bidault, of the M.R.P., tried to put matters right during his recent visit to Rome, but without any success. Though a good Catholic, M. Bidault was also head of the Resistance Movement, and, in 1945, he did not hesitate to punish certain high French church dignitaries guilty of blatant collaboration. The Vatican never quite forgave him.

Parliament: Sabbatarians and Centurions

Wednesday

The Heathens, said Gibbon, the Romans could handle, but not the Sabbatarians. As it had been with Rome, so was it with Herbert Morrison. At 9.54 p.m. on Tuesday evening, 389 members voted against the Sunday opening of the Fun Fair at the Festival of Britain and the real purpose of the Bill was defeated. It was a day of triumph for the Gospel Standard Strict Sabbath Societies and those who shared their faith. Had they not warned M.P.s that "the wicked, foolish and paltry excuse that financial loss will result from Sabbath closing is to barter the consciences of Englishmen for filthy lucre," and been heeded? The Festival Committee had advanced just that lucre argument and been defeated. Among the fallen lay the Lord President. So closely had he been identified with the Festival that M.P.s had begun even to address him as the Lord Festival.

The Debate itself had several remarkable features. The professional preacher, Gordon Lang, found himself in the lobby of the Philistines opposed to the local preacher, George Thomas, who had moved the amendment. Tories in accord with their policy of setting the people free voted for the statutory control of thought. Staunch Anglicans like Eric Fletcher advanced Biblical texts for the rights of Britons to break the Fourth Commandment. Perhaps the most original reason for Sunday closing was that of Arthur Booth of Bolton. His constituents would not want to be distracted by roundabouts from attending to the real purpose of a visit to London. "They will have their eye on the amber liquid. Give them what they want," said Mr. Booth—and voted against the Fair. Jim Hudson voted for Sunday opening because the pubs *don't* close.

On Wednesday, the Minister of Defence announced the Government's intention of continuing to supply Egypt with the Centurion tanks they had paid for. Eden moved the adjournment of the House to debate the matter as one of urgent public importance. Mr. Churchill, prototype of the now obsolescent tank that bears his name, threatened yet another censure on the Government "on the earliest convenient occasion." Mr. Speaker reminded the House that the matter was down for debate when the House formally adjourned at 10 o'clock. But there was also a Reception by the King that night, so that the earliest was clearly not the most convenient occasion.

The matter would have gone by default, but Reg. Paget raised it in the absence of its Tory mover. He was supported by Mikardo and Crossman, who between them got an undertaking from the Government that no tanks would be sent until the House had further considered the question.

One success led to another. Speaking at the by-election in West Belfast, the Northern Ireland Attorney General suggested, in offensive language, that it was because Mr. McManaway was not a Socialist that he was unseated. Unfortunately for Mr. Warnock, Geoffrey Bing was in Ireland. Post-haste he brought news of this breach of privilege to Westminster *via* Leslie Hale. Some Labour Members would have brought Mr. Warnock to the Bar of the House to purge himself. The British Attorney General, from fellow feeling and union loyalty, pleaded for clemency. The House permitted Mr. Warnock to eat his words by telegram.

Oddly, obstreperously and obstinately it has been back-benchers' week. They have asserted piety against the Lord President, defiance of the Defence Minister and privilege even against Privy Counsellors. How, one wonders, would the Romans have handled the Commons?

TOM WILLIAMS

Down the Slippery Slope

THE anxious bewilderment expressed by so many Socialist back-benchers in this week's foreign affairs debate springs from one single, unpalatable fact. Unknown to the general public—and discovered only partly and piecemeal by a few curious inquirers—a shift of British policy has taken place since last September which is rapidly transforming our position from that of an independent partner of the U.S.A. to the status of a protesting, overburdened satellite. If the position is to be saved, the first task is to see how this happened.

Last August, when Mr. Attlee won his broadcast duel with Mr. Churchill, he had achieved what looked like an impregnable position for the Labour Government. By voting for the seating of the Chinese on the Security Council and supporting United Nations action against aggression in Korea, while at the same time refusing to permit British units to participate in the protection of Formosa, the Prime Minister had regained for Britain a position of independence and made it clear that we should oppose the spread of the war in the Far East by every means at our disposal. By carefully limiting the aim of our defence policy to the prevention of future "Koreas," he was able, in the short resumed sitting of Parliament during September, to unite his supporters and to expose the advocates of all-out rearmament as apostles of the inevitability of war. And as if to emphasise the moderation of the Government's defence plans and its determination to deter excessive American zest for rearmament, Mr. Gaitskell underlined the fact that the expenditure of £3,600 millions over three years was conditional on the receipt of substantial American aid. Up to this point the conduct of the Government had been impeccable. Britain was exerting a powerful moderating influence in Washington; and millions of Americans were devoutly thankful.

Then came the gradual collapse. Mr. Bevin went to New York, determined to prevent the precipitate rearmament of Germany, to reassert our opposition to MacArthurism and underline the fact that British rearmament was impossible on the scale envisaged without large amounts of dollars. He failed on all three counts. Faced with an American ultimatum that no troops would be available for European defence unless Germany was rearmed, he toed the line. Faced with a President unable to control MacArthur without British pressure, he tried, but failed, to impose any precise United Nations' directive on the military operations north of the 38th Parallel. Faced with Congressional reluctance to provide dollars for Socialist Britain, he accepted a *fait accompli* without demur.

The results of these failures were evident when Mr. Gaitskell visited Washington in October, with his precise demand for American assistance in rearmament to the tune of $1.54 billions. Mr. Gaitskell met with a bland but firm negative; and, almost without noticing it, the Cabinet thereby had agreed to increase our defence costs by £550 millions. Mr. Shinwell's ill-fated visit to the States was the next step down the slippery slope. Because M. Moch stood out for what had been Mr. Bevin's attitude to Germany until last September, he was denounced day after day by Mr. Shinwell as the saboteur of Atlantic defence. At this conference, though negotiations for "mutual aid" continue, any question of "free" dollars to assist our defence plans was also quietly dropped.

Then came MacArthur's decision to advance beyond the Korean isthmus, despite the certainty that this would involve a clash with the Chinese. At this point Mr. Bevin, acting at long last in concert with Paris, put forward the proposal for a buffer zone which Lord Salisbury was later to make public. But by now the U.S. election results were out and any hope of restraining MacArthur without an open Anglo-American discord had disappeared. The offensive went on, with the consequences which we are just beginning to see.

We recount these sorry facts, not in order to pillory individuals or to censure the Government, but because the public is still unaware of what has happened during the last few months and, until it is aware, nothing useful can be done. In particular, the problems of rearmament cannot be tackled except against the background of foreign policy. Mr. Gaitskell is powerless to prevent a steady lowering of the standard of living, combined with a creeping inflation and a gradual paralysis of the economy, unless Mr. Attlee is ready to make a supreme effort to regain the diplomatic initiative. Conversely we cannot talk of being an independent partner of the U.S.A., unless we are ready to limit our defence burden to the amount which our economy can sustain.

Already speculative American stockpiling of raw materials has created a world inflation. British manufacturers are beginning to follow suit, thus creating bottlenecks and shortages which are bound to grow steadily worse. With most of our vital controls dismantled and their staffs dispersed, the Government is almost powerless to deal with the crisis which will come when our own rearmament begins to affect the economy next year. Moreover, the burden which we have now assumed is being increased, not merely by the loss of the £550 million of American assistance and the probable loss of Marshall Aid, but also by soaring prices. The physical equivalent of £3,600 million, when the Three Year Plan is finished, may well be more like £4,200 million, if the inflation goes on. And if, owing to a Republican reluctance to foot the bill for full-scale rearmament, the bubble bursts and prices collapse, our balance of payments will disappear overnight and we shall be faced with a far more sensational version of the 1949 crisis which ended in devaluation.

This is the dimension of the problem which faces the Government. We have drifted into defence commitments which our economy cannot sustain; we have drifted into a condonation of American policies in the Far East and Europe, which violate every principle of the policy which Mr. Attlee laid down when we voted for sanctions against North Korea. The question is whether, having drifted so far on the tide of anti-Communist hysteria, we can struggle back to Socialist *terra firma*.

Spanish Journey

I.—Impressions of Madrid

WE changed at Castillejo in the last light of afternoon with the sun setting crimson behind the foothills of the Sierra Guadarrama. There was half an hour to wait for the *automotor* to Madrid, and we strolled about the station, the German and I, and talked about war and peace. As with many political discussions in contemporary Spain, it was like picking up the threads of a conversation cut short ten years ago and left suspended. In a week's time this German, a Moravian *Volksdeutscher*, who had come to Madrid as Slovak consul in 1943 after being knocked out on the Eastern Front, would leave the shelter he had found in Spain since then and take ship to Argentina. "There'll be another war in Europe now," he said, "and I've had enough of it. And what's left in Europe?"

Europe, he thought, was finished for the time being. We passed a line of lifeless goods wagons on a siding. A little cloud of smoke billowed from one of the axle-boxes, then burst into small flames which glittered in the dusk. I waited for the rush of someone to put out the fire; but there was nothing. "They must have lit it for some purpose," said the German prudently, "we must be careful not to make fools of ourselves." But they had not lit it for any purpose. The German made gestures at the station-master, who was swilling his hands under a tap; and the station-master was not interested. He finished washing his hands and went back into his office, saying over his shoulder that axle-boxes often caught fire and the fire always went out, as this one would, as soon as the oil was consumed.

"There you are," the German said, "that's Spain. There's a fire and no one bothers to put it out. That's Europe too."

The railways in Spain convey for the foreign traveller, perhaps more directly than anything else, the sense of hopeless and inevitable deterioration which pervades this country. The reality of deterioration—of the railways as of almost everything else—can be demonstrated by statistics (even by the official statistics); it can be seen, literally, on the faces of the people in the towns, measured by the contrasts between the few rich and the many poor, gauged by the mixture of grinding poverty and graft which passes for administration here. But together with this deterioration, overlaying but not concealing it, there is another universal characteristic—the effort of the regime, working with the fusty but frantic ideas of Hitler's Europe, to persuade that all is well, all for the best, and that Spain, sheltered from the moral decay of Western Europe (and from the Red ruin of Eastern Europe) is somehow in the vanguard of humanity.

The results, in a sense, are often astonishing—

and the more because Franco, who is now engaged in wooing American help (not unsuccessfully), has banned the more obvious manifestations of Fascism—the posters and the slogans in the streets and that sort of thing—and is putting other goods in the shop window. New executive committees were "elected" in mid-October for the corporative Syndicates (devised on the Fascist pattern, they include employers and employees, determine wages and conditions of work, are without the right to strike, and are run entirely from the top). Electoral posters which I saw in Toledo reminded *Empresarios y Trabajadores*—employers and workers—that Franco had declared that "the unions shall be those that you want," and exhorted members to "elect the best people"—having regard, of course, to the fact that the best people have first to be screened by the Falangist Party and the Government. Another poster depicted a voting paper as symbolically bursting the links in a chain; underneath there was the legend: "Choose whom you like. You are free to choose the best."

Such manifestations do not move these conscripted Spanish "syndicalists," who regard the whole pantomime, as far as I could find out, with the eye of indulgent self-interest, with apathy, or with hatred, according to their status in society and their understanding. It is sad to record, however, that they moved at least one British trade unionist who was invited to "observe" these elections. This man, an experienced member of a big British trade union, not only accepted the official invitation and was wined and dined hospitably, but later informed British officials in Madrid, somewhat to their bewilderment, that he was not unfavourably impressed by what he had seen. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the Spanish Government now hopes to persuade the International Federation of Free Trade Unions to accept membership of the Falangist Syndicates. What made this British trade unionist's visit especially odious in the eyes of the democratic opposition—as they afterwards told me—was that he apparently made no effort to get into touch with them (not a difficult thing), or to see the realities of life in Madrid.

Yet the realities hit one in the face. Apart from being plunged in darkness until seven o'clock and kept in twilight after that—power being so short that industries in Madrid obtain it at the time of writing only for nine hours a week—the Gran Via and its tributary boulevards are one great splash of luxury eating and drinking, of splendid shops which would do no discredit to the *Rue de la Paix*, of tail-to-tail Cadillacs and Packards, and of cafés where a skilled engineer can exhaust his day's wages in buying three ice-creams, if he has a mind to, and take a newspaper with the change. Yet the island of prosperity is perilously narrow. Beyond these central boulevards, the sleek *bon ton* and silk stockings, the pouchy eyes and paunchy waists, soon fade away into the dignified poverty of the Plaza Mayor and the pinched streets of the old city. Beyond these again the level falls quickly. If you take the metro to one of the poorer suburbs such as Ventas or Vallecas, you enter a different world.

My friend X, who is an experienced office-worker with a wife and one child, has a room which is a little longer and wider than their single bed; he also has one electric light point, but he has no water and no means of cooking or heating except a charcoal fire which he and his wife have installed on a pile of whitewashed bricks. In the next and rather smaller room lives Y, with a wife and three children, but Y is unlucky in that his landlord has not allowed him to bring in any furniture—which would give Y a right of tenure longer than his week's notice—so that he and his family sleep on sacks and eat off the floor. Such are the fortunes of war. For Y, it happens, was one of those who fought in the Blue Division on the Eastern Front. Somehow or other he has failed to make the bandwagon, and now, instead of living in the luxury flats uptown and flirting on the Gran Via, he eats off the floor. A little further down the strip of dust and muck and sewage which passes for a street, my friend Z lives in comparative comfort. He and his wife and four children have furniture and two cupboard-like rooms in an outhouse, and one of these he has converted into a little workshop. As Z was a Republican officer, he is excluded from exercising his profession (which is a much respected branch of the arts) and now he makes a living in his little workshop by painting pictures for smart bars in town. Appropriately enough for this country at this time, the pictures are of half-dressed glamour girls. The law forbids such immoral productions, and Z, who is a good Catholic, does not allow his family into his workshop while he is working.

These people, at least, live in houses. If you persevere along the street, and leave the bullring on your right, you can walk up through dusty Balkan lanes which lead away into the bare countryside, and come across a fine upland slope which is open to the sun and wind, and does not therefore stink. Across a bare gully there are the fine new apartment houses of the Salamanca quarter, where the defenders of civilisation are now installed at rents which only about a half of one per cent of Spaniards can regard as possible. Nearby are other and more humble quarters. Along the near side of the gully, as you walk round the perimeter of the city towards the metro at Vallecas, a distance of about two miles, there are colonies of little brick and plaster huts. Many of these are quite new (the oldest, I am told, date from 1939); and I saw at least a dozen families, mothers and fathers and children, scrabbling and scratching with bare hands to level a few square yards of soil for a foundation to the hut they were going to make. A little while ago, apparently, there were very few such huts: in their place these fortunate families (for there is a constant demand for new accommodation in the Barrios de la Elipa and similar colonies on the perimeter) lived in caverns which they had hollowed in the crumbling ochre soil. Many such caverns are still in use, each curtained neatly with sacking and bolstered with bricks and props: you have to bend low to go in and stay bent if you wish to stay in, but they are good private quarters such as are hard to come by.

Excavated and built in tiers above each other on the barren yellow hillside, these caverns and huts give rather the same effect as can be seen in pictures of Tibetan villages pitched higgledy-piggledy on the face of a crumbling cliff. The amenities, it is true, are not all they might be. There is water only at a fountain on the outskirts of Vallecas, and another on the outskirts of Ventas, so that the scores of families who live half-way between these two points have a goodish walk to get it, and come usually late in the inevitable queue of waterpot bearers. There is no sanitation, but kind hands have taken the covers off two main sewers, so that the muck can be carried from time to time and dumped out of sight, if not out of smell. There is no proper roadway, but the passage of many bare feet has beaten a track through the dust and refuse. I do not know how many people inhabit the Barrios de la Elipa and its sister-colonies—one of which, without humour, is known as the *Colonia de la Generalísimo*—but I do know, both because the inhabitants told me and because I saw new excavation and new "building," that the number is increasing as fast as hands can scrabble and scratch. I also saw in Ventas and Vallecas only one new building under construction which was a building—and this, true to the times, was a church.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Madrid, November.

London Diary

THE sinister side of *l'affaire Bevan* is that the State Department should have made a formal protest to the Foreign Office through the American Embassy solely on the basis of an inquiry made by the editor of *Newsweek* about some confidential information sent by his London correspondent. The second point (which has not been brought out in the British press) is that it was only after the American Minister had gone to the Foreign Office that the correspondents of the *New York Times* and *Herald* Tribune filed stories about their conversation with Mr. Aneurin Bevan. The lunch had taken place during the previous week; it was only made into a *cause célèbre* by the leak in Washington identifying the source. It should be realised that Cabinet Ministers and Opposition leaders regularly meet these responsible American correspondents in order to give them background information which may be used without the name of the informant. The gist of Mr. Bevan's remarks was the correct point that Britain had not finally decided on the extent of her rearmament, which must depend on the extent of the American aid which Mr. Truman had at least implicitly promised last August. Mr. Bevan added that the United States had agreed that British expenditure on arms should not be permitted to hamper its economic recovery, just as in the case of Marshall Aid it was agreed that it could be used (as it has been) to enable Britain to be economically independent. It followed, therefore, that if the expected American aid was not forthcoming, Britain would spend less on rearmament. Knowing Mr. Bevan, I think it likely that he added some strong comments about the idea that we should cut down our social services to suit the Pentagon, and

reminded the Americans that they themselves had admitted that lowering the standard of life in the West would be the quickest way of increasing Communism. All this was perfectly good background material for American correspondents. It only became big news when somebody or other in Washington deliberately made mischief with the idea of discrediting some members of the British Cabinet. One recalls a similar event at The Hague a few months ago, when the headlines appeared in American newspapers declaring that the United States could not trust Mr. Strachey as British War Minister. After Mr. Shinwell's protest it was revealed that this news story originated, not with the American correspondents in The Hague, but from Mr. Louis Johnson, who was then Secretary of Defence.

* * *

One result of this incident is to show the lengths to which the Beaverbrook press is still prepared to go in maligning British Ministers whom Lord Beaverbrook and American Republicans dislike. On Thursday the *Daily Express* devoted some four columns of precious news space to this American attack on Bevan. It included the statement that "it is believed that Mr. Attlee has sternly rebuked Mr. Bevan." (Where was this fiction "believed" except in the *Daily Express* office?) More remarkable still it strove to support its damaging account of the affair by stating that the U.S. journalists who had lunched with Mr. Bevan "claim that there was nothing secret or 'off the record' about the lunch." It so happened that the four journalists had refused to make any comments on the subject to the *Daily Express*. When they protested, the *Express* removed this remark from its story in its last editions but offered no apology or explanation of how they came to attribute this view to the journalists.

* * *

There were several very remarkable things about the China meeting held in the Kingsway Hall on Monday night. Though it was called at only ten days' notice and very little publicity could be organised, the Kingsway Hall was packed and an overflow meeting had to be organised. It was much the largest and most enthusiastic open meeting on foreign affairs—of a strictly non-Communist character—that I can recall since pre-war days. Secondly, it dealt exclusively with China and was held, not to attack British Government policy (which has consistently been to keep out of war with China) but to encourage Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin to take a firmer line about MacArthur's provocative and insubordinate actions. The meeting, which was called by the National Peace Council (a forty-year-old body which co-ordinates many others and which is compelled repeatedly to remind people that it has no connection with the Communist peace campaign) showed within itself the beginnings of something like a national movement against war with China. It represented a very broad front of British opinion. Events since Monday have emphasised its lessons. A great ovation was given to Tom Hopkinson; clearly the importance of his stand to maintain the integrity of reporting in *Picture Post* was very fully appreciated. Short of a film star or a party leader at a national conference I do not recall seeing anyone receive so sustained a public ovation. The third point to emphasise is the almost complete neglect of the meeting by the national press.

* * *

It will be recalled that the future of West Irian (West New Guinea), had to be decided, according to the terms of the Dutch Indonesia agreement, by Christmas, 1950. A correspondent now resident in Bali, where President Soekarno is making a tour, writes to say that Indonesians have irrevocably committed themselves. In Bali all the main streets are hung with banners demanding the inclusion of Irian within the Republic of Indonesia; outside the Bali Hotel itself there is a warning in plain English; "Foreigners, do not interfere in our internal affairs." Many of the banners state bluntly that the Dutch must "give back Irian by December 27th or else . . ." The question, my correspondent says, is now what is involved in the "or else . . ."? It is to be hoped that the Indonesian Irian mission will be able to persuade the Netherlands Government that it is far more important for the Dutch to maintain the good will of Indonesia and to continue to trade in Java and Sumatra than to keep a precarious hold on Irian in the face of Indonesian hostility.

* * *

How will American doctors react to J. Edgar Hoover's appeal for them to become F.B.I. informers? He has just published an article in the journal of the American Medical Association asking, in a homely little metaphor, for doctors to help wipe out "the Communist germs" now trying "to infect the blood-stream of American life." He urges them to report to the F.B.I. any information of this kind which may come into their possession. Since this appeal is made to them specifically as doctors, and not merely as citizens, it seems clear that Hoover is asking them to violate the Hippocratic Oath by using their professional position to spy on their patients. Picture the consequences. While the thermometer is in the patient's mouth, the doctor can snoop around the bookshelves or test his patient's loyalty by apparently casual questions. If he is an analyst, he can presumably report all his patient's secret thoughts and subconscious wishes. If Mr. Hoover persuades American doctors to turn informer, why should he not go a step further and ask priests to violate the secrecy of the confessional? An English medical friend points out to me that there are other departments which could profit by this new type of doctor. A new television set in the house? Send a report to the tax inspector. Betting slips? Summon the gambling squad. An unauthorised baby? Inform the Purity League. A thousand dollars in grandfather's mattress? Surely that is worth a percentage to any competent burglar. The prospects of this new kind of medicine seem limitless. The only danger, my medical friend points out, is that patients might begin to set the dogs on the doctor—which is what American doctors ought to do to Mr. Hoover. CRITIC

NEVER AGAIN

It is our inflexible purpose to destroy German militarism . . . break up for all time the German General Staff. *Yalta Conference Communiqué.*

"Never shall Germans rearm!" they said,
"Never recall the High Command,
Never forge weapons for total war.
Never again shall Europe dread
The iron heel and the ruthless hand—
Hitler's Wehrmacht shall march no more.

"Never again while time shall last,
Never again shall that warlike race
Loose invasion or peace dictate;
Never, till many an age is past,
With neighbour nations resume its place—
Never again build a martial State."

Never again? Things are altered now:
They stand in fear of another foe.
Arm West Germans to meet the threat!
Who remembers the victors' vow,
Sworn and witnessed five years ago?
The dead are dead. Let the living forget!

Never shall Germans lead again?
But only Germans can Germans lead—
The Generals' honour must be restored;
Loyal servants of wicked men,
They shared no part of an evil creed—
The Wehrmacht offers a stainless sword.

Never again! And the stricken heard.
But what's more light than a statesman's oath?
On a million graves the grass is green,
And the dead rise not for a broken word.
Even though Germans themselves are loth,
Germans must man the war machine.

Germany rises, a sovereign Power,
Called to action and armed to fight,
From medalled Marshal to conscript clod.
"Never again shall Europe cower—
Under the menace of German might,
Never again, so help us, God!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A talk by Sir Waldron Smithers, originally entitled "The maintenance of noble standards in music as an inspiration for nobler lives" took a somewhat different course, chiefly owing to the lecturer's obviously sincere desire to impress upon his hearers the necessity for combating the Communist menace.—*Musical Times.* (D. M. Gregory Jones.)

Most babies have lambskin rugs which are priced around £5, but fashion-conscious mothers can easily convert baby's rug into one like the Prince's by adding ermine tails.—*Evening News.* (John Davis.)

It was said at Bow County Court to-day that a man left a holiday camp with his wife and three children after one day's stay because there was no knock-kneed or beauty competition on Sunday.—*Evening Standard.* (U. C.)

Deprecating the fact that parents were no longer allowed to administer severe corporal punishment to their children, Mr. R. E. Ledbury, chairman of Walsall magistrates, to-day told the father of a schoolboy truant: "We feel sorry for you. If you cannot do it yourself get a friend to half beat the life out of the lad.

"It will do him the world of good, and if they summon you for hitting him come before this bench and we will know what to do."—*Birmingham Mail.* (Edith Eversley.)

Landlord ——, asked at St. Marylebone rent tribunal to-day why he thought a surgeon, Mr. ——, was an undesirable tenant for a room in Upper Berkeley Street, replied: "He does his own shopping. . . . It is detrimental for this class of house for people to carry shopping. It is not liked by other tenants.—*Evening Standard.* (O. F.)

Herring Harvest

His brother caught three hundred cran when the seas were lavish,
Threw the bleeders back in the sea and went upon the parish. LOUIS MACNEICE.

THAT is by no means a fair picture of contemporary conditions. In Yarmouth and Lowestoft you hear many hard things said (sometimes unfairly) of the Herring Industry Board; but nobody denies that the Board's controlling hand—whatever room there be for criticism in detail—has saved the herring industry successfully from a "free-for-all" which would mean, in the existing market situation, economic chaos. Moreover, in this Autumn's East Anglian fishing season, now coming to its close, the drifters have done fairly well—better than many expected after the poor results of the earlier Scottish fishings. The herring, it is true, failed tiresomely to conform to their forecast time-table. Owing to the prevalence of strong southerly winds (against which they swim), the shoals were in the waters by the beginning of October—a whole fortnight before the curing crews from the North and Ireland were told to start, and well ahead of the arrival of most of the Scots drifters. Still, there were plenty of fish, unusually fat; and, even with catching considerably restricted at the peak period, round the October full moon, it looks as if 1950 landings at the two ports will be substantially above the 310,000 crans (of 28 stone) landed last year, though far below the bumper harvest of 476,000 crans in 1948.

With only 365 drifters operating, against 473 in 1949, reasonable profits have been made, in spite of the fact that the average price per cran has been barely 62s., as compared with about 66s. last year and 70s. in 1948. As in the case of the white-fish trawlers, there is much shaking of heads over the inflation of costs: a set of drift nets, which could have been bought before the war for under £400, now costs £1,600 to replace, apart from the rise in the cost of fuel, repairs, insurance and miscellaneous gear. Fishing averages are peculiarly tricky and apt to be misleading; but from accounts shown me, I hazard an estimate that the English steam drifters this season have been grossing, with reasonable luck, not far short of £500 a week. Of this, about £300 would be absorbed by running costs (including the necessarily heavy allowance of £100 for gear), leaving a net profit of, say, £100 a week after meeting charges for insurance, depreciation and the crew's "share" in excess of basic wages. This is not an unduly big margin for vessels whose replacement cost might be £40,000. In the case of the smaller Scots drifters, grossings would be considerably less; and the same applies to motor drifters, more often stopped by heavy weather. Running costs, however, in both these classes are proportionately lower.

As for the fishermen, the English boats have a basic wage ranging from £4 10s. a week for the lowest-paid hand to £6 for the skipper. To this is added, first, 5 per cent. of the gross proceeds of the catch in lieu of "stockabait"—revenue from the sale of fish other than herring taken in the nets and treated, in old days, as the perquisite of the crew. Then, on "settlement," there are the "shares"—from the skipper's 1¼ down to ¾ for the cook—payable out of net proceeds after the basic wage has been deducted. This season, I should say, hands have been earning between £10 and £14 a week. Good enough pay—even for a tough, "all hours that God sends" job; but, unless their drifter now goes after the generally inferior "spent" shoals round Cap Gris Nez, there is a long blank period for British herring fishing ahead—until the West Coast season opens late in the Spring.

And if there is no call to-day for anyone's brother to "throw the bleeders back" and go "upon the parish," the fact has to be faced that the herring industry is a shrunken ghost of its old self. For the visitor to Yarmouth and Lowestoft the setting, colourful and exciting, is still much the same. As you stand in the acrid reek of fish and tar, the mist that screens the "lapsing unsoilable sea" is parted by a drifter making port: it comes alongside the busy stage; a deck-hand springs ashore with the little "sample" basket; the bell rings for the auction; quick nods and it's over; and, if landings are heavy, there's a rush to unload and away to sea again, lest the port "flag" go up to stop any more drifters going out until next day. In the background, there are all the different distributors and processers—the lumpers, the "caller" herring despatched to inland markets and retailers, the fresh herring boxed with ice for "klondyking," by special ship, to the Continent—a trade whose big profits in the Nineties gave it this (now inapposite) "gold rush" name; the crews of buxom Scots and Irish girls, inveterate cigarette-smokers, who gut the fish and fill the barrels of "pickle-cure"; the kipperers and curers of buckling and "red" herring; the canners and the attendant guardians of the huge vats where herring are stored with salt until wanted by the smoke-houses.

All this has still the fascination of a little world of specialised activity; and even the waiter in the hotel will bring you, with your soup, the latest news of landings and crans and prices. But consider: forty years ago, the fleet working the East Anglian season numbered 1,600 drifters, against about 360 to-day, and the men employed afloat have dwindled from, say, 15,000 to under 5,000. Before World War I we were exporting the equivalent of well over 2 m. crans of pickle-cured herring—mainly to Russia and Germany. To-day this export is less than one-tenth of that figure. Whereas Yarmouth and Lowestoft used to pickle-cure 1,500,000 barrels, last year's output was under 82,000, and this year's "target," set by the Board at 85,000, will not be realised: it is doubtful if much more than 65,000 barrels will be cured, and one of the Scots curers told me he doubted if any herring worth speaking of would be cured in five years' time, unless there were a miraculous revival of European East-West trade. Even so, there was no chance of recovering the huge Russian market, especially with the Soviet Union busily expanding its own herring fleet.

This loss of outlets for pickle-cured herring explains the shrinkage of both fleets and ancillary workers. As things are, British catchers are landing annually, according to good, fair and bad seasons, between 1 m. and 1½ m. cran of herring. Of these landings, the British consumer absorbs—fresh, kippered and canned—a little over one-half; a third is exported; the rest goes to making oil and meal—a sorry end-outlet for the "silver darlings." If the export of pickle-cured herring—now about one-seventh of the total catch—declines further, then either more drifters will have to go to the ship-breaker or more fish must be turned into oil and poultry-feed—unless, of course, home demand can be induced to expand. AYLMER VALLANCE

Lowestoft, November 26.

(To be concluded)

Rough Love at Strasbourg

THE European Youth turned up too late at the House of Europe. The debate between the federalists and the functionalists was over. The functionalists had won, and the thesis advanced in the first days of the Assembly's existence by the much-maligned Labour delegation had been vindicated. The pressure group, chanting "Federation" in the drizzly night, could not have been expected to know that. But M. Spaak, the President, as reckless in addressing them as Mr. Speaker would be were he to address the Spinsters' Association during one of their Westminster "lobbies," knew very well that the Assembly had committed itself to the conception of European unification through specialised authorities. The Youth, led by middle-aged German students, betasselled, beer-laden and boorish, rewarded his indiscreet courtesy with heckling; and treated his speech with the same distaste as they showed the solitary policeman, engaged in an apparently mad soliloquy into a walkie-talkie.

Last August, some Continental federalists had wanted to proceed with a Little Federation. The Socialists, including M. Spaak himself, were unenthusiastic. They didn't want to be left alone with a Clerical majority. As for the British delegates, they remembered that a Continental Alliance without Britain has traditionally been hostile to Britain's interests. But the Labour delegates, at any rate, did not want to become, by opposition to a Little Federation, a scapegoat for the lack of will to federate among the professing federalists. The formal Labour attitude at Strasbourg was, therefore, one of neutrality on the subject. The result was that the Continental federalists, told by Callaghan to go and federate themselves, lost their spirit of challenge. The Little Federation was never more than a threat.

As Federalism declined, so Functionalism, which, with its derivatives, is now an essential part of the Council of Europe's jargon, flourished. Introduced into the Assembly by the British Labour delegation, the doctrine of the "functional approach" has given precision to the ideas of large numbers of Continental delegates, hitherto cotton-wooled in a vague *mystique* of European unity. One after another, speakers at Strasbourg declared their attachment to this functional conception—eminent among them M. Schuman, who, in his speech on the European Army, declared his sympathy with the method advocated by the

British. From now on, then, the instruments of European unity will be called, with the blessing of the Committee of Ministers, "specialised authorities." But having won the theoretical argument, the test of the Labour representatives' enthusiasm for the functional method will lie in the extent to which they promote his proposals for European transport and agricultural Authorities.

The frank consistency of the Labour representatives at Strasbourg, even when it meant unpopularity last year, won for them, this year, an approval denied to the Conservatives, whose leaders' record, with the exception of Boothby's, has been one of ambiguous reticence and equivocation. Macmillan's moving *tremolo* cannot compensate, in the eyes of his Continental colleagues, for his "unsatisfactory" attitude towards the Schuman Plan, and his present coolness towards Federalism. Dalton's friendly and judicious interventions, on the other hand, the amiable speeches of Callaghan and Crosland's lucidity, all confirmed that the Labour Government, even though the progress it advocates is cautious, none the less is sincere in all its advocacies. This time, too, the Labour delegates refrained from stressing British superiority over all foreigners. Instead, Callaghan, amid general approval, referred to himself and his colleagues as "country bumpkins" and "rough lovers." This went down particularly well with the French and Italians; and the Irish, charmed, addressed him honorifically as Mr. O'Callaghan.

Chivalrous in victory, Dalton made the federalists' surrender as easy as possible. This was further helped by Mackay's ingenious proposal for a constitutional arrangement to cover functional activities by the Assembly. The suggestion, which the Assembly recommended to the Committee of Ministers for study, was warmly welcomed by M. Spaak, who, a federalist at heart, had lately and reluctantly begun to accept the inevitability of functional co-operation. The German Social-Democrats also clutched at Mackay's project, since it enabled them to withdraw gracefully from the formal, federalist policy of their Party programme.

The German Social-Democrats certainly had their tails up last week. Whereas in August they had come to Strasbourg diffident, shy and somewhat sceptical, this year, what with electoral success and their consequent sense of popular support, they affirmed their point of view with complete self-confidence. No one could mistake Carlo Schmid (whom his enemies last August called the "Hangman of Lille") for anything but a man who knows his ropes. He and his colleague Lütkens, a former member of the German Foreign Service, evoked admiration for their tactics, even among delegates whom those tactics irritated. In love, there is always the one who kisses and the other who offers the cheek. But the love-arrangement between the Germans and the rest of Europe has to be preceded by agreement about the dowry. As far as rearmament and a European army is concerned, the German Social-Democrats aren't doing any kissing, active or passive, till they know their reward.

M. Reynaud cooed to the Germans with exquisite reasonableness. But Guy Mollet, the French Socialist who was in the Lille Resistance, was less patient with the hurt dignity which some of the Germans at Strasbourg were registering. Who was it, anyhow, who went trampling over Europe? It was left to André Philip, Mollet's Party rival, to make up for Mollet's blunt language, and to offer again the hand of conciliation to the German Social-Democrats.

With the Bavarian elections before them, they could only slap it back. Yet fundamentally, they are as afraid as any Frenchman of the revival of the Wehrmacht. They know that the alternative to a European Army is a German Army. And they know that tigers don't make good watch-dogs. For the time being, however, the Social Democrats are on a good wicket. They have behind them in their present opposition to rearmament a wide range of followers—from those who genuinely don't want rearmament to those who want it only on Germany's own terms, not the terms of an Adenauer-Eisenhower collaboration.

But the demagogy apart, the Assembly has provided in this session an opportunity for a genuine consultation between Parliamentary representatives, which has expressed itself in a remarkably high standard of debate on the Schuman Plan and the European Army in particular. It is true that Ministers and their experts behind closed doors may promote the ideas and even the machinery of co-operation. But there is a moment when even Ministerial decisions require the support of public opinion before they can be translated into action. Such is the moment when the Germans will be asked to rearm, or the French miners to work within the Schuman organisation. The Consultative Assembly, whatever its imperfections, has provided a unique means of shaping Parliamentary and public opinion. With its purposes now clearly defined, with new tasks attributed to its members, and with a tradition of procedure firmly established, there is little doubt that the Strasbourg meeting has resulted in progress.

MAURICE EDELMAN

South Africa After Smuts—I

Two events have had a considerable effect upon the South African political scene over the past few weeks. First came the clean sweep by the Nationalists in the elections in South-West Africa; then the death of General Smuts, only a fortnight later. Either of these events would have greatly strengthened the power of the Nationalist Government. Coming together, they seem to have made the Nationalists' position almost impregnable for years to come. Instead of the meagre majority of seven which they held in the House of Assembly up to the end of August, they now have the much more considerable majority of thirteen. This fact not only weakens the Opposition but also reduces the dependence of the Nationalists upon the small Afrikaner Party.

The results of this strengthening of Nationalist power have quickly been revealed. One of the few remaining remnants of the Cape liberal tradition is the survival of Cape Coloured votes. In 1910, at the time of Union, the Cape managed to preserve the right of its Non-Europeans to vote on the same property, income and educational tests as its Europeans. This right was entrenched in the South Africa Act and could only be altered by a two-thirds majority of both Houses sitting together. In the 1948 election the Nationalists promised to abolish all Native representation and remove the Coloured voters from the common roll. They were baulked by the fact that Mr. Havenga, leader of the Afrikaner Party and Minister of Finance, would not agree to the change by a simple majority, whilst the two-thirds majority was not practicable. Following the Nationalist victory in South-West Africa, however, a victory largely occasioned by the 10 per cent. German vote, Mr. Havenga has decided that he has heard the voice of the nation. On October 13, he and Dr. Malan announced that agreement had been reached and a Bill would be introduced in the next session to remove Coloured voters from the common roll and to give them four separate European representatives in the House of Assembly, one in the Senate and two in the Provincial Council. In order to appease Mr. Havenga's scruples the Coloured constituencies will approximate in size to those of the Europeans; but only Coloured men will be allowed to vote, and even if the number of voters rises, no extra constituencies will be granted unless the number of European constituencies is proportionately increased. In effect, this means that for every additional Coloured constituency, thirty-eight new European constituencies must be created.

The effect of this measure will not only be to rouse the Coloured people to furious opposition against the loss of their ancient right and to their increasing separation from European status, but also to lose for the United Party at least six seats in the House of Assembly and eight in the Provincial Council. It is not surprising that the members of the United Party, who saw no alienation of principle in the removal of Native voters in 1935, to-day are raucous in their denunciation of this breach of "moral principle."

Apart from this, the main Opposition party has belied its name for many months past. At the time when Smuts was so seriously ill that he had to give up the Parliamentary leadership, the United Party was rent by internal intrigue; and, even though Mr. Strauss was elected as parliamentary leader, several members made it quite plain that this was not a unanimous decision. There are, in fact, at least three contending groups—the first two being led by Mr. Strauss and Dr. Colin Steyn, and the third being a collection of the younger members such as Harry Oppenheimer, Marais Steyn and De Villiers Graaf. Strauss leads the section which has always been faithful to Smuts and is now loyal to the Great Chief's nominated successor. Dr. Steyn, in spite of being perhaps the most outspoken liberal of the party, nevertheless, leads a collection of reactionary Boer farmers. The younger group represents the more progressive financial, commercial and industrial

interests, who are concerned with the restrictions on industrial expansion which have resulted from the policy of the Nationalist Government. Within each of these groups there are many contending personalities, and the only force which could possibly hold the party together was the personality of General Smuts, and the hope that his prestige would carry them back into office. As an organised Opposition force, the United Party is politically bankrupt.

In these circumstances, no further Parliamentary barriers remain to hinder the full implementation of the Nationalist policy of Apartheid. In view of the importance of the South African scene to the whole field of inter-racial contact, and its particular significance within the Commonwealth, it is worth considering the ideology and programme to which the new masters of the Union will now be giving effect. There is, first, the ideological conflict within the South African European community as to what is the most moral and just attitude to be taken towards inter-racial developments. It is inaccurate to suppose that all who support the Nationalist policy are imbued with hatred or even dislike of the Non-European. I recently had the opportunity of talking frankly and fully with those academic leaders within the University of Stellenbosch who three years ago founded the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs in opposition to the older Institute of Race Relations. Not only are they sincere men, but they believe that their policy holds out the hope of a happier future for the Non-European than that propounded by the Institute. They base their approach upon the undeniable fact that the European in South Africa is trying to build a South African nation as distinct from a Colony of any European motherland, and that the European fears that his work will be undone if his supremacy is challenged.

Accepting that fear and the racial prejudice it engenders, they claim that the Non-European has a better chance of happier development if he has an area of his own which he will ultimately control and run as a separate State. They therefore urge the Government not simply to separate European and Non-European in the existing structure of South Africa, but to develop the Native reserves with the use of large-scale capital, to encourage the organisation of town and village life in the reserves, and ultimately to increase the extent of these reserves by buying up further land from the White farmers. They quite honestly accept the implications of the policy, which will compel the White community to forgo the advantages of cheap Non-European labour and to grant full political rights to the Non-European in their own new State.

Whether one considers that this is either practicable or desirable, it should be recognised as at least a sincere and honest attempt to solve the problem of a White minority and a Coloured majority. This conception, however, is opposed with equal sincerity by the members of the Institute of Race Relations, who maintain that the development of the Non-Europeans should be within the present structure of South African society and that the test for full citizenship within the present South African State should be the merit and abilities of the individual, irrespective of the colour of his skin. They hold that, by joint co-operative endeavour, European and Non-European can build up a healthier and juster society.

Here are two honest and fundamentally opposing theories of national development, but the tragedy of South African political life is that they do not represent the policies of any political party. On the one hand, the Nationalist Party has accepted, as its long-term policy, the Stellenbosch intellectual argument, now endorsed by the very powerful Dutch Reformed Church. But in practice the Government implements only the negative aspect of this theory. It enforces rigid segregation and denies all political rights, but does practically nothing to provide the Non-European with his own sphere of development. In practice, the leaders of the Nationalist Party know that their support would quickly melt away if they were to try to remove the cheap labour of the Non-European from either town or country; and, if they even suggested that in the distant future they might buy up White farms for the use of Non-Europeans, there would be a universal revolt amongst the Boer farmers. They therefore reject the notion of creating a Bantustan as a practical policy.

On the other hand, the United Party has never accepted even theoretically the ideas of the Institute of Race Relations. Jan Hofmeyer, probably the greatest man produced by the party, strove throughout his life to get this policy accepted politically, but he failed and there is no one left to succeed him. The best that the United Party has to offer is the promise of slow concessions to the Non-European; and the fears which these produce of encroachment upon European supremacy repeatedly led the Smuts Government to restrict rather than extend rights. JOHN HATCH

(To be concluded)

So They Say...

Now that Sunday opening of the Festival fun fair has been made illegal, it is worth noting that, unlike the House of Commons, the majority of the national newspapers did not bow to what *The Times* called "the pressure . . . of an earnest but not predominant section of the public."

When, on November 17, the first open opposition was announced, in the persons of ten Tory M.P.s, the *Evening Standard* was quick to point out that at least five of them, whom it named, played golf, went fishing, or went to the cinema on Sundays. On Sunday, November 19, the *Observer* deplored "an intensive campaign by Sabbatarian pressure-groups," and the *Sunday Pictorial* devoted its entire front page to support for the Bill, because "people should be free to use Sunday as they like." It asked readers to vote "on this vital issue" in order to guide M.P.s. (The result, given last Sunday, was: In favour of opening, 41,363; against, 13,580.)

Low then made the only reference I can find in the cautious *Daily Herald*. His cartoon,

Open all Sunday!

How much of the Festival Fair will eventually be open on Sundays despite the adverse vote we cannot say, but we do know that in many thousands of homes for many Sundays to come THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be open and will be eagerly read by new readers enjoying their Christmas Gift subscription.

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PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

"Battersea Park Fun Fair, 1651," showed Herbert Morrison and Gerald Barry in the stocks, labelled "These Sinners rode on a switchback on Sunday." Under a pelting by hard-faced Puritans, Barry observes to Morrison: "There's one consolation—the Sunday Observance laws of today can't last more than 300 years . . ."

As the day of the Second Reading approached last week, editorial comment grew bolder. The *Evening Standard*, while keeping up its attack on the Festival ("Morrison's Memorial") as ill-conceived, ridiculed the opponents of the fun fair. The *Manchester Guardian* observed that "somehow or other British morality has survived without grave impairment . . . despite prophecies of direst woe and national degeneration" each relaxation of "the harsh taboos and prohibitions of the 'English Sunday,'" and "may even survive . . . the fun fair—if the House of Commons is bold enough to risk it."

The *Daily Telegraph* stated that a verdict opening the Festival but not the fun fair would "accord with the views expressed by the accredited leaders of the Christian Churches," and would be "a right verdict." *The Times*, on the other hand, said that "the majority of churchmen" were against "those who oppose without discrimination every change in what is permissible on Sundays."

Next day, after the Second Reading, the *Daily Mail* hoped that the fun fair would be rejected on the free vote—on the grounds, apparently, that the Government was only running it "to make money," and that, if it came to a question of conscience *versus* "the commercial exploitation of Sunday" (Government-sponsored, not private!) the British people "will be on the side of the angels."

In a last word before the vote on Tuesday the *News Chronicle* avoided committing itself, except to argue that the Government should have rationalised the laws beforehand; and the *Daily Express* urged M.P.s not to use their freedom from the Whips to deny it to others.

AUTOLYCUS

Slum Survival

SPRAWLING over the southern half of Salford, from Broad Street to the Docks, is a huge, crazy entanglement of sooty streets. One part of it, called Hanky Park, achieved a brief fame when Walter Greenwood made it the setting of *Love on the Dole*, written during the years of the Depression. The fame faded, but Hanky Park is still there; in fact, the only outward change in the last twenty years is that it is rather nearer to tumbling down upon the heads of its inhabitants. Here is a fair, perhaps slightly worse than average, specimen of a northern city slum. Blackened, crumbling brick, looking as if only its coating of grime held it together; streets so narrow that you need hardly raise your voice to talk to your neighbour across the way; outdoor privies in odorous back entries; dirt everywhere, and no hot water to fight it with; rotting woodwork which doesn't know the touch of fresh paint; walls which often soak up the damp like blotting-paper—in short, nothing really exceptional.

A few years ago, landscapes like this were landscapes with figures; and it was the figures which troubled the public conscience—the shabby, shuffling figures of the unemployed. Now, chronic unemployment is gone and the public conscience, with plenty of other things to worry about, has tended to be diverted from the ills that remain. Admittedly, better food and clothing and social services have brought startling changes to Hanky Park and its neighbours. You can see one change recorded quite clearly in the faces of the people. Salford children generally look healthy enough these days; young people are not unhealthy but are apt to bear traces of the bad years; older men and women will mostly carry the imprint of slumdom until they die. But, good as it is that the shocking signs of malnutrition and abject poverty are absent from children's faces, there is still no way of adding up the sum of their loss through slum life. Fresh air and open spaces have virtues beyond those strictly related to physical health. In Salford, you hardly notice the seasons going by: there is no growth, only slow decay.

Some of the measures which Salford Corporation takes on the children's behalf can only be called pathetic. Many filthy back streets, for instance, have been closed to traffic by notices saying "Play Street"; in some of these a few sparse blades of grass struggle through from time to time in token of the green fields they represent. Of course, nearly all Salford children nowadays get away to seaside or country for a few days in the year—a state of affairs for which the Corporation and other well-meaning people can take a little credit, since enforced family holidays at home are still not at all unusual. But it is in the slums that almost the whole of the year is spent, and it is into the culture of slumdom that these children grow up. And about the culture of Hanky Park—a dismal growth which will only perish with the district itself—the Corporation can do little.

Not that the way of life of Hanky Park is narrower than that of the suburbs. It isn't; but it is undeniably nastier, and the chances of any penetration of sweetness and light are undeniably smaller. It is not merely that this is the land of the pub and pawnshop, nor even that conditions here are apt to reduce to bestiality those human activities which civilisation has always been concerned to remove from the bestial; the most depressing feature of all is the impossibility that any sort of beauty could take root here, or be recognised if it did. Hanky Park is old, dirty and shabby, and everything in it rapidly becomes dirty and shabby to match; you cannot help it. Two kinds of shop supply Hanky Park with its objects of daily use. One is the second-hand shop which you find in every other side-street—it is usually a pawnbroker's, now happily doing less business in that line but expanding out on to the pavement with great heaps of cast-off household lumber, old clothes, horse brasses, Bubbleses, china dogs and ornamental fire-irons. The other, to be found only in main streets, is the super-streamlined hire-purchase store, all chromium and coloured tiles, for supplying the newly-married with housefuls of flashy products. It is no use expecting virtues of taste or anything else to thrive naturally in such places as Hanky Park, and it is often sentimentalism which professes to find them there.

The problem is curiously bound up with questions of war and rearmament. To begin with, it was rearmament and war which saved the people of Hanky Park a few years ago by giving them what no peacetime government had given them—work. To-day, with fears of overseas competition growing in many industries, rearmament is Hanky Park's insurance policy. On the other hand, it was the war also which kept the people in Hanky Park and kept the buildings standing for their owners, and Defence has never ceased to eat into the supplies of labour and materials for rehousing. Salford's problem is in any case almost certainly the most difficult in the country. It has a greater proportion of obsolete housing than any other city—most of it run up during the later proliferations of the industrial revolution—and, like the other Ugly Sister, Manchester, but more acutely, it suffers from a lack of space on which to rebuild. Of Salford's 50,000 houses, 35,000 are more than sixty years old and in general have neither bath nor hot water; 20,000 have been declared ripe for immediate demolition.

Supposing all the shortages to be overcome, Salford has still to find somewhere to put its slum-dwellers before it can demolish their present homes; and, as people cannot be crammed as closely into new estates as they are into the slums, there is an estimated overspill of about 70,000. With any further "sprawl" more or less ruled out, there are only two things to be done. One is to export people to other places nearby, and Salford is negotiating hopefully with Lancashire and Cheshire authorities about this. The other, which is in addition, is to redevelop slum districts one by one as they are cleared—an awkward process, because the inhabitants have to be rehoused while building is going on.

A plan is now being worked out for five, ten and twenty years' slum clearance in Salford, subject, of course, to the avoidance of another war. In the meantime, Hanky Park and other such districts go on as before—never receiving any "improvements," never painted, occasionally patched up in the worst places at the demand of the Corporation. Owners say that on the present rents they cannot afford to pay to keep their property fit for habitation, and it is a fact that many of them will give you whole streets of houses for nothing, and ten shillings into the bargain for the trouble of signing the deeds, if you are stupid enough to do so. Some owners have merely disappeared without trace, leaving the rents (and the repairs) to look after themselves until the Corporation steps in.

In 1948 a number of Salford schoolchildren were asked to write about where they would really like to live. Many of them (surprisingly, perhaps) expressed wild longings to be away from Salford, in reach of the country, the sea, the mountains—all of which are not so many miles away. But as things are shaping at present it is hardly more than a hope that these children's own children will avoid being born and bred in the back streets.

JOHN R. TOWNSEND

JAEGER

In 1881 Dr. Jaeger, Professor of Zoology and Physiology, first proclaimed his scientific theory of woollen clothing. "Wear wool," he explained, "and your health will improve, for these reasons. One, wool retains heat but excludes cold. Two, wool keeps you dry by absorbing damp. Three, wool is the most natural, comfortable and hygienic clothing." But you must have only the finest, purest wool. Jaeger wool.

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DO CHILDREN TALK T.I.?

A small boy on a tricycle. Nothing special about that — unless he thinks he's a dirt-track rider, when you have to look out. But a few generations ago there was no T.I., and most small boys had nothing more exciting to ride than a tea-tray. No trikes, no children's bikes, no rocking boats, or chutes, or slides, or climbing frames, or half the things clever people manufacture from (as it happens) T.I. materials. Nor much help from Mother, either, with no T.I. to help *her* run the house.

Yet even to-day, funny thing, you hardly ever hear a child mention T.I.

The letters TI stand for Tube Investments Ltd., of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Trafalgar 5633). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the TI Group, whose specialist skills are co-ordinated in the general field of light engineering to produce essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

Weak Chest

THE question had bothered him all day. Now, at the pit-bottom, pensively sucking a piece of clean coal, waiting for the cage to descend, he finally made up his mind. He wasn't going. Too much of a risk after that last bout he'd caught in Rhys Jones' funeral. His chest had been fine that morning in work, too; it was the long, wet grass between the graves that had done the damage. So it wasn't worth risking it again so soon. Awkward it was, seeing that he and Will had always worked in the same district; people expected you to go.

It was funny how the valley had kept up the old custom of public funerals all these years. You'd think they would have taken to the English style by now, as they'd done in other things, just the hearse and one car for the nearest relatives. But they still stuck stubbornly to the old Welsh custom of a free-for-all. No one seemed to like the English style somehow; a bit too cold-blooded and uppish. To be independent was all right—everybody mind his own business and all that—but surely, not when you were dead; no, not when you were dead; that was going a bit too far. Anyhow, he would like to feel that there was a good crowd in his own funeral. He wouldn't know anything about it, of course, but it would be a little comfort to the relatives. Sympathy went a long way sometimes.

Yes, a Welsh funeral for him, any day. As old Henry Top House was fond of saying, *he* wasn't going to be buried "like a dog in the garden at eleven o'clock in the morning." What was wrong with Welsh funerals anyway? What could be nicer than a sweet, sad hymn with a good tenor part in front of the house before the procession moved off? If people liked to sing a hymn or two at the graveside, why not? Men's voices singing a slow, sad tune on the mountain-top: he rather liked it. It was true that some preachers took advantage of their position to spout longer than they should, but there again, it was the custom. What a row there'd be if a minister took it into his head one day to say nothing! He'd have the relatives after him like a pack of hounds asking him what the hell he meant. So what was the good of talking? That's how they buried people in the valley, and that's how it would go on, no doubt.

It was the situation of the cemetery that was the snag to people like him, especially if it was raining. What made them pick on the top of a mountain for a cemetery he couldn't make out. Even on a fine day the wind up there was like a knife, and there was always a mist curling round you like a shawl in the winter. No, he wouldn't go. It wasn't as if it would be a small funeral. Everybody had a good word for Will, and anyway, a dust-case was always certain of a large funeral. He wondered if he himself was a dust-case sometimes. What if he'd been wrong all these years, and it wasn't chronic bronchitis at all? No, it couldn't be; his family had always been noted for their weak chests, thank God. His father before him and his grandfather before that had suffered with it; it was in the family right enough. Anyhow, he'd have known before now if he'd been suffering from silicosis. Poor Will. Doctor Thomas had told somebody after the post-mortem that he must have suffered terribly towards the end; that his lungs were like two solid lumps of grey stone. God, what a life! Slave your guts out for thirty years and end up with your lungs turning into stone; solid, heavy stones instead of soft, grey lungs that could breathe clean fresh-air.

Odd how unwilling he'd been to go down with all the others to the Medical Board to be X-rayed. He wouldn't have, either, if Dan Checkweigher hadn't been so insistent. He had told the man until he was tired that he definitely wasn't a dust-case, that he'd always had a weak chest, like his father and grandfather before him. But it was no good talking to a man like Dan Checkweigher; he knew everything. So he said he'd go, not to look obstinate in front of the others. Oddly enough, Mary had agreed with Dan. "Just to make sure." She had said. Funny how angry he'd been with both of them that night. And after all that fuss and bother, struggling down to Swansea, spending all that time under the X-rays and answering all those questions, he hadn't heard a word. That Scots doctor had been right: it was probably his chest and not silicosis at all—just what he'd thought himself all along. He'd known it all along. Well, perhaps Dan Checkweigher would stop his bother now. He wasn't even "Partial," let alone "Total." Of course, that didn't mean that he could do as he liked; he'd always have to watch that chest of his, especially in the winter.

When the cage came to the surface it was raining hard, and he hurried round the power house to seek the shelter of the screens as far as the lane. As he was passing the weigh-bridge, Dan Checkweigher tapped the window, beckoning to him to come inside.

"Bob, your result has come through."

"What result?—Oh, yes, I know. Funny thing, I was only just thinking about it. Yes?"

"Well, Bob, I'm afraid you're down."

"Down? You mean—you mean 'Partial'?"

"No, I'm afraid you're 'Total,' Bob."

He walked home slowly through the rain. Of course, he might have known. He'd only been trying to hide it from himself all along; trying to think of all kinds of fanciful things to keep the truth from himself. A weak chest, indeed. It was a weak chest, all right. That's what came of not facing facts; you tried to think of all kinds of nonsense to keep yourself from thinking of the bloody awful things that could happen to your chest, and then it all came to the same thing in the end. Worse, because it was more of a shock when it came. Sentence of death by God. Funny, it didn't sound half as bad as he thought it would be. It only proved that thinking about a thing was worse than the actual thing. Only he was so disappointed like; flat—that's what he felt, flat.

Pity for Mary, though. He always felt sorry for the women, funnily enough. Mary had been so good to him, too. She'd been great to him, fair play. Always so fussy about his chest, with her goose-grease and red flannel, and always so careful about airing his clothes properly. She wouldn't let the wind blow over him if she could help it. Nursed him like a baby, she had. But there, he'd known it all along, deep down. His father hadn't died of heart-failure after an attack of asthma; no bloody fear; he'd died of silicosis, only they didn't call it that in those days. So had Uncle Dan and Uncle Harry and Rhys Jones and Will Jenkins, and all the rest of them. Yes, he'd known it all along. He'd only joined the crowd, that was all.

Mary was in the scullery when he arrived. He hurried to the bathroom without a word. He came downstairs wearing his Sunday suit. His wife looked at him in astonishment.

"Good gracious! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to a funeral."

"Going to a funeral? On a day like this? Whose, in the name of goodness?"

ISLWYN WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

PIRANDELLO died only in 1936. And since his fame was then very high (he won the Nobel prize for literature in 1934) we may expect, in the fashion of literary reputations, the lapse of time to be still long before his plays are properly resurrected and take that high place in the theatrical repertoire which is their due. (All the same, we may hope even now that one of our leading actors in search of a suitable play may one day remember his *Henry IV*, and be brave enough to try it.) It was with the *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, written in 1921, that Pirandello became, almost overnight, world-famous, no doubt because the form of the play was itself the very epitome of the then novel expressionist movement.

They arrive, you remember, the six Characters, in the middle of a rehearsal where a producer and his actors are baffled by an earlier Pirandello play. Moving in their own light, all in deep mourning, the Father, the Mother, the Stepdaughter, the Son, the doll-like little girl and the backward boy. They are not real people: they are not actors either: they are an uncompleted story, pleading to be allowed to be finished. It is a would-be tragedy of the Father who has deserted the Mother, the Daughter who has gone into a hat-shop which is only a concealed brothel, and has been introduced by the Madame to a client who turns out to be her own father. The Characters beg to be allowed to play themselves out; their state of incompleteness is positively unbearable. At last the producer is persuaded that in their story there are possibilities for his players, and agrees that his cast shall act the drama if the Characters will demonstrate to them the central scenes. The bargain is struck and the Characters begin their play. It certainly has drama, this scene where the mother discovers her daughter in her father's arms, and, during what is the interval for us, the producer and the Characters work on a script. But when the actors come in to impersonate the Characters, a further layer is revealed; the actors posture and "ham" (too much so in this production): overlaying upon the events the expressive feelings that are thought in the theatre appropriate to such actions. "No, no," protest the Characters, "it wasn't like that at all. It wasn't stagey and false and theatrical as the actors have made it. It was *real*. Let *us* show you." So, amid constant interruptions from

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actors and Characters, and a mixing of the two planes of fiction, the inside story is played out by the Characters to a tragic ending that they, uncompleted as they were before they played it, did not even know themselves.

How does it look now, this classic of expressionism, all but thirty years after? Well, first, how powerfully and frighteningly do these six Characters still loom up at us out of their midnight black! And how deeply affected we become by the passion of their insistence, as if they were sombre problems of our own, standing there and demanding to be solved. And how cunningly the author unfolds the turns in his relentless logic. First it is the strangeness of the Characters themselves which catches us, and then their story; and then, just as we are beginning to feel their story is, after all, the fustiest of melodrama—a plot steep enough for an opera—we come on the further realisation that this very fact completes the squareness of the contrast. On the one hand the intense and persuasive seriousness of the Characters over their stagey story: on the other hand the every-dayness of actual stage actors—ordinary people just like us. It is this reversal of roles which finally rouses in us those disturbing uncertainties about the nature of reality which is Pirandello's special province.

The trick still works wonderfully well, even if it does now seem, with the shock of surprise worn off, a little long drawn out; and evidently a good deal is missed in a not entirely happy translation. Miss Ngaio Marsh's production is rough in many places, but compensates by an imaginative treatment of the grouping and lighting, so that collectively at least, in their likeness to some piece of terrible graveyard statuary, the Characters always tell. Less happy is the treatment of the producer and the actors. He begins off well enough, with an agreeable line of comedy—but he over-plays it and so loses an underlying seriousness which should be there. As for the actors and their acting, I grant the difficulty that the whole period question raises—naturalistic acting was still something comparatively new in 1921—but I feel that it would translate quite effectively into present-day terms. Miss Yvonne Mitchell, the actress who played the young girl in the Old Vic's *Month in the Country*, is developing a really compelling quality. Mr. Karel Stepanek, though labouring under the handicap of a central European accent—a great drag, this—plays sensitively. One day this masterpiece will receive the treatment it really deserves in London. Meanwhile its spirit at least is caught at the Embassy, where four performances can still be seen.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

It can no longer be said that the B.B.C. is neglecting science. The old problem of bridging the gulf between the ignorance of the layman and the specialism of the expert has at any rate been partly solved. Experts with the gift of lucid exposition have been found: Mr. Fred Hoyle is the obvious instance, and now to him must be added Professor J. Z. Young, whose Reith Lectures, *Doubt and Certainty in Science* are now in progress. Like Mr. Hoyle's, Professor Young's findings are remarkably stimulating; his theme is the working of the brain, and what is probably of greatest interest to the layman are the implications in his lectures that affect a whole range of subjects outside Professor Young's own field of biology. I hope that, as with Mr. Hoyle's talks, the lectures are followed by a discussion by other experts, not all of them biologists. For there is the danger of the layman's accepting the findings of the single expert as gospel. We have all, for instance, been excited by Mr. Hoyle's vision of continuous creation; it now appears that it is not by any means shared by all astronomers. In other words, the listener needs, in his own defence, the continual checking of the specialist by other specialists. It was exactly this that made the new programme broadcast on the Midland wavelength the other evening, *Scientists Talking: The Lunar Society of the Air* so excellent and so fascinating. The shape of the programme is implied in the second half of its title: the Lunar Society was a dining club of eighteenth-century Birmingham scientists who met once a month. This first meeting of the new dining club consisted of a group of medical scientists and sociologists, among them Sir Leonard Parsons, Professor Zuckerman, Professor Titmuss and Mr. Charles Madge, who discussed the social effects of medical progress. Judged simply as conversation it made a first-rate broadcast; the illusion of a group of men of kindred interests talking after dinner was perfectly caught. And the matter of the discussion, which ranged from the disappearance of rickets and the changing nature of such diseases as smallpox and poliomyelitis to the pressure of a rapidly increasing world population on natural resources, was obviously of high interest and importance. This seems to be the most promising new series that has taken the air for many months.

Of recent literary features I very much enjoyed Mr. Michael Innes's "critical speculation" on the origins of *Macbeth*, *The Road to Dunsinane*. As a piece of hypothetical literary detection—it was based upon the assumption that when Laurence Fletcher visited Edinburgh to produce a play for King James, Shakespeare went too—it was ingenious without being extravagant. The scenes from *Macbeth* were very well done, and Mr. Innes's imagined scene between Pope Leo IX and the Macbeth of history was a most amusing piece of writing. Where the programme seemed to me to fail was exactly where one might have expected it do so: in the character of Shakespeare himself and in the attempt to write something like Elizabethan colloquial speech. Here I thought that tushery crept in. But the part of Drummond of Hawthornden as a boy was quite charmingly written, and as charmingly played by Ian Cloag.

Mr. David Thompson's feature *Sons of the Sea* deserves more space than I can give it here. It was an absorbing programme on the mythology that has accreted itself round the grey seal, whose uncannily human cry punctuated the programme in Dr. Ludwig Koch's recordings. The programme was told in stories and in songs, and the acting was brilliant: switching on just after the credits had been announced at the beginning of the feature, I was quite convinced for a few minutes that I was listening to an actuality recording of Irish peasants who were magnificent natural broadcasters.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Crisis," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion.
"The Clouded Yellow," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Everything this week is boxed about and about with convention. Thriller of an American surgeon travelling in a dictator country. May we assume that he will be kidnapped in order to operate on the dictator? Certainly we may; and it will be very thickheaded of us if we don't go on to anticipate that through no fault of his the dictator will die, the surgeon and his girl walk off unscathed, while democracy no less than professional ethics will have been upheld. So much being already common ground between *Crisis* and an experienced filmgoer, it may be wondered how this thriller can be expected to thrill. It can't. But it can, and in fact does, make quite a good show of doing so, again along lines strictly laid down by earlier films.

To the plot of *State Secret* (resemblances being, of course, wholly coincidental), it has added its own twist. The dictator (South American in this case) is being hard pressed by a people's revolution: the revolutionary leader turns out to be no less a tyrant than the man displaced. Now? Well, not wholly; our sympathies have been engaged up to a point for the revolution, out of *We Were Strangers*; a guitar dramatically plucks out tense moments—*The Third Man*; the people waiting about the square have waited on since *Intruder in the Dust*; and so on. Those people, by the way, waiting outside the palace where their enemy's life hangs in the balance, are characteristic of the whole piece. They are shown to us, from time to time and bit by bit, almost like segments of a still-life; very striking. But what does it lead up to? Nothing! In the end they don't know whether the dictator's alive or dead; they dribble away; and this, the climax or anti-climax, is not dramatised for us. A tense crowd was wanted for a while, so a tense crowd has been put on.

But though there's a good deal more show than sense in *Crisis*, it does manage to exploit its adventures with some surface dexterity. The camera has helped to make things look right, so long as we never stop to inquire into them; and if American surgeons must spend their holidays distastefully probing the anatomy of Fascist beasts, then Messrs. Cary Grant and José Ferrer are the very men for such encounters. The director, Richard Brooks, is presumably young, and should some day make an exciting film. One other originality in this triumph of genre I've neglected to mention: they give the dictator a brain to be operated on.

How enjoyable in its near-adult if ingrown way this film is may be gauged, alas, from the English incompetence of *The Clouded Yellow*. Here there's no eager borrowing; the collage of stale tricks is, we are made to feel, a mere matter of routine. Poor Miss Simmons, mad north-north-west, with a wild wig, an uncle collecting butterflies, an aunt who embraces lorry-drivers in sight of the window, what chance has she? From these country depths it needs a charge of murder and Mr. Trevor Howard (on loan from the secret service) to rescue her; if odd-man-outing in Newcastle and thirty-nine-stepping in the Lake District may be termed rescue. And when we last see them, him and her, they are walking away in the distance together on wharfhouse roofs from which a swabhook-waving monster has just slid with a scream. Long, over the roof-tops, and happy may that path be!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra

On their second visit to England, the Stuttgart players confirmed the highly favourable impression they had previously made in Bach, and broke new ground with a Mozart evening at Covent Garden. They chose examples of his light music at its most endearing and added one of the loveliest of the piano concertos, that in E flat major, K.482. If the evening left a mixed impression, it was not the orchestra's fault. First, there was the physical gloom to contend with. On a foggy night, in a (pointlessly) darkened theatre, against a huge dingy backcloth, the little group had some difficulty in creating the illusion of an elegant eighteenth-century assembly. Bruce Barbour, though evidently an interesting and musical young pianist, could not coax attractive tone from the Steinway placed at his disposal; nor did he always see eye to eye with the conductor, Karl Münchinger, in the finer points of style. But after the interval we were repaid with wonderfully fine performances of two early Divertimenti, K.136 and 138. Each of the fifteen players seemed to concentrate, all the time, on expressive phrasing, finely graded dynamics and beautiful tone (the viola quality is especially notable); consequently, the lower parts came through with unusual clarity and charm. On the following night, at the Central Hall, the Stuttgart Orchestra performed an abridged version of Bach's Art of Fugue, arranged for strings alone, which proved an ideal medium for the noble music. With such strings, there was no danger of tonal monotony, and in some of the numbers, three or even two solo players contrived to produce remarkably rich effects of sonority. D. S.-T.

The Preview Theatre's "Otho the Great"

Keats's *Otho the Great* was a surprise; it reads badly but in its second half can play tremendously. The critic who says glibly a play cannot be judged in the study always makes a silent exception of himself as the truly imaginative reader. But certainly this critic confronted on the stage with Acts IV and

a half of V which he had read as fustian found himself shaken. The playwrights of the romantic movement like ourselves were deep in the problems of good and evil. Keats's symbols of evil are often plain silly—but once we get through the plotting, then something happens, something rich and strange which is not verbal but active. Ludolph, a part written for Kean, goes mad far too sensibly, yet one has the feeling that his suppressed sensuality could be infectious; but Keats aimed too much at pathos in this character. Yet he is good in his abrupt, inarticulate, well-meaning death.

Nobles, good night
We are all weary—faint—set ope the doors
I will to bed. Tomorrow . . . .

This odd curtain is the end of the play.

Given the conditions of Sunday night performance we might well say we have not even seen the play yet, and by this I mean no disrespect to players or producer. If in scenes IV.ii and V.ii I was stimulated into a sensation of discovery Miss Margaret Diamond's Auranthe and Mr. Robin Bailey's Ludolph were responsible for the stimulus. I don't know why the producer Mr. Tom Rothfield says on the programme he "revised" the play when what he did was to cut, not always judiciously, a couple of scenes and insert, very sensibly, two songs from Keats's poems. But he deserves thanks for his enterprise. M. S.

Picasso in Provence, at the New Burlington Galleries.

This exhibition has slipped unobtrusively into the New Burlington galleries, which is appropriate for, in general, it is a display of slight and sometimes trivial things. The series of lithographed fauns state the prevailing gaiety of the show, but they come very close to being merely voguish—too flattering to one's sensibility. The show reflects, in fact, that unnatural curiosity about every scrap which comes from the great artist's studio. With this proviso, the drawings and lithographs, bronzes and ceramics are continuing evidence of Picasso's creative vitality. Even in the slightest works there is no slackening in his power to animate his material. The bronzes, for example, are not among the finest of his sculptures, but they are, technically, fascinating. The small figures have been made from the most immediate and natural operation of the fingers upon clay, the forms brought into existence by elementary pressings and pinchings. The value is in the liveliness of their surface and the figure's total gesture. The ceramics, the most famous of the recent work, are mainly disappointing, and it is the pieces nearest to sculpture, like the goat vase, which are the most successful. In the plates the calligraphy and colour are brilliant, but too casually and awkwardly applied to the objects, which are in themselves unimpressive. Among the drawings there is one masterpiece, "The Shepherd," in which the classical traditions of this most ancient part of France are compressed in a superb calligraphy. B. T.

"To Dorothy, a Son," at the Savoy

This is the lightest and slightest of comedies. Its author, Mr. Roger MacDougall, showed a little while ago in *The Gentle Gunman* at the Arts that he can put more solidity into a play, and if he hasn't here we must suppose it is because he hasn't meant to. Its point turns upon a will, a baby, and the difference between English and American time. For under the will the baby will inherit if it can get itself born by nine o'clock one morning. But nine o'clock in Dorking or nine o'clock in New York? That is the point, and a small enough one, it may be thought. It is small, and so the expectant father theme is terribly overworked. Perhaps a very expert comedian would extract a little more fun than Mr. Richard Attenborough manages, but not much, I fancy, for the wit is very slight. At least Mr. Attenborough succeeds in presenting a bumbling picture of a harassed head of the house. The real fun begins only when Miss Yolande Donlan arrives. She is the beneficiary if the baby doesn't come in time, and what a beneficiary! Mr. Attenborough has to prefer a querulous, but unseen Dorothy, hidden upstairs in a semi-transparent bedroom; but it is Miss Donlan who provided the amusement downstairs with her cute line of dumbness and blondeness. If the little piece does get by, it is only by the skin of her teeth. T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

SIR,—Mr. Andrews asks me what exactly I think a Press Council should do. He, like Mr. Morfett, clearly considers it would be wholly improper for it to have any right to intervene in a dispute such as that which led to the sacking of Mr. Hopkinson from the editorship of *Picture Post* since for it to do so would, in Mr. Morfett's words, be "a flagrant interference with Hulton's right as a paper owning citizen to publish or withhold what he pleases in his own paper." I, on the other hand, believe that it is essential, if the freedom of the press is not to become a dangerous sophism, that a Council should be established with exactly this right. The circumstances of Mr. Hopkinson's summary dismissal seem to me to provide an almost perfect example of why.

Mr. Andrews and Mr. Morfett base their case on the straight economic argument that he who pays the piper has the right to call the tune. According to them, the investment of money in a newspaper enterprise carries with it a natural and inalienable right to overrule an editor on any and every matter and sack him if he objects. This of course makes nonsense of all talk of the professional status of journalists, with which Mr. Andrews has been concerned from time to time, and reduces the journalist to the status of a hired man who must do what he is told even if it conflicts with his principles and those of what he mistakenly regarded as his profession—or go. But let that pass.

Now obviously the investment of money and business skill in a newspaper does carry with it a number of quite legitimate and important rights—the right to require that those in charge of editorial matters shall follow the general line of policy laid down, and in the full knowledge of which they accepted their appointments; the right to require that the paper is not so conducted as to make the investment in it unprofitable. Such issues did not in any sense arise in the *Picture Post* case.

But although the financial investment and business skill of proprietors are important in a paper's success, they are not exclusively so. Would Mr. Andrews pretend that the power and prestige of *The Times* was established exclusively by the business ability of John Walters II, or would he not agree that the independence and authority of two great editors, Barnes and Delane, had even more to do with it? What makes a great paper is not a proprietor but a partnership between proprietor and editor.

Mr. Hulton's investment of money and business ability in *Picture Post* was important to its success. But so also was the large investment of professional skill, integrity and courage by Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Lionel Birch and the other chief members of the editorial staff, all of whom, as Mr. Birch made clear in his letter last week, supported Mr. Hopkinson on the issue which led to his dismissal. It is significant that (as Mr. Birch explains) those who stayed, stayed only because they were eventually persuaded that it was necessary to do so if the traditions *Mr. Hopkinson had established* were to be saved from complete wreck.

It seems to Mr. Andrews a new and "disturbing" doctrine to claim that in such circumstances Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Birch ought to be able to look to the support of their profession. It would not have seemed so to much greater editors than he or I in the past. And he regards my belief that a newspaper ought to be regarded as a partnership between its proprietors, its editorial staff and its readers as revolutionary. But in fact it is one of the oldest traditions in journalism and one formally accepted in our generation by some of the most public spirited of newspaper proprietors themselves in such Trusts as those of *The Times*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Spectator*, which specifically impose restrictions upon commercial ownership in order to safeguard the character and traditions of the paper, and in those of the *Observer* and the *Economist*, which specifically safeguard the independence of the editor against the financial owners.

The fact is, the freedom of the Press can only be based upon an acknowledged partnership between proprietors, journalists and public in which all have rights as well as responsibilities. Of course I do not, as Mr. Andrews would imply, consider that a Press Council should empower an editor to dismiss the wishes of his Chairman and Directors with contempt. But neither could it endorse the right of a proprietor to dismiss the opinions and principles of an editor with contempt. Where matters of principle arise which deeply affect the public interest, it ought to be possible as it is in other professions to refer to the judgment of an independent professional court of appeal. That is the case for a Press Council.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

42 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

SIR,—The correspondence aroused by the dismissal of the editor of *Picture Post* seems to me up to now to have missed one important point, the function of the National Union of Journalists. Unless and until a Press Council exists, the N.U.J. is the only body which can attempt to enforce a code of conduct in journalism. What has the N.U.J. done in this particular case? I am a member of the N.U.J., but have heard nothing about any action it may have taken, and whatever action it does take is obviously now too late.

Two separate issues are involved in the dispute, and it is a pity that they have become entangled. The first is the right of a proprietor to dismiss an editor with whom he feels he can no longer work. I do not see how this can be challenged. The second is the right of a proprietor to suppress news. This can and should be challenged wherever it occurs.

SYDNEY JACOBSON

WARSAW CONGRESS

SIR,—The transfer of the Second World Peace Congress from Sheffield to Warsaw, in giving the delegates some taste of the workings of Western democracy, only made them more determined to achieve positive results. The Congress turned out to be serious and business-like. Together with the speeches, which were for the most part factual and constructive, ran the work of specialist commissions in preparing separate sections of the Appeal to the United Nations.

It was an extremely representative Congress—there was hardly a nation or colonial territory in the world without a delegation—and most delegations contained men from widely varied religious and political groups, including statesmen, clerics and intellectuals of the highest distinction. This was particularly so in the large delegations from France and Italy, where there were many Centre and Right, as well as religious, representatives, elected for the most part by large assemblies after prolonged debate.

It was this universality and the consciousness of the real, popular support behind the peace movement—demonstrated by the 500 million supporters of the Stockholm appeal—that make the proposals of the Warsaw Congress of such importance in the present juncture. They are, in fact, the first summary of a possible policy for a lasting peace that has appeared since the war. They can be summed up in the two words—*negotiation* and *disarmament*. They declare that the present trend to increasing armaments and extending areas of conflict must be reversed at once if an indefinitely destructive third world war is to be avoided.

The first stage which they propose for that reversal is the restoration of the United Nations to its original purpose of ensuring peace by negotiation and general agreement, instead of allowing it to become, through the use of fictitious majorities, an agency for waging the Cold War. This implies the immediate admission of the Republic of China and the ending of the Korean war by a settlement which leaves that country free to decide its own destiny, and the withdrawal of all foreign troops. One thing the Congress brought home unmistakably was the depth of feeling roused by the Korean war and the atrocious way it is being waged. Common people everywhere, and particularly in Asia and the colonial countries, feel that the destruction of vital industries, the burning of towns, the indiscriminate massacre of women and children, are inexcusable under any flag and for whatever legal justification. For that reason one section of the Appeal calls for an international court to examine the responsibilities of General MacArthur.

Even more important, and almost as urgent, are the sections calling for a definite peace with Germany and Japan on the basis of demilitarisation and withdrawal of forces of occupation.

No such settlement would, of course, be possible without a really serious effort at disarmament. This section of the Appeal is the most precise and important part. It provides a workable mechanism in the form of an international control and inspection commission for securing the effective prohibition of atomic bombs and other weapons of mass destruction (thus ratifying and generalising the Stockholm Appeal) and, at the same time, the proportional reduction during 1951-52 of all armed forces, air, sea and land, by one-third to one-half. It is specifically stated that the commission should have full facilities for inspecting suspected undeclared weapons.

The last two sections deal with the need to restore international economic and cultural relations as a necessary step to a world in which the different systems can co-exist in a world without Iron Curtain or Cold War.

These proposals taken together form a logical and coherent peace policy. It is no use any longer to meet them with a blank negative. Events in the East are showing clearly enough where that policy leads. Nor can the proposals be dismissed as bogus. Though they represent real concessions on the part of the Soviet Union, these are based on a rational assessment of the real advantages to be gained by both sides in abandoning the policy of rearmament. They take into account the rising strength of productive enterprise in the Soviet Union, China and Eastern Europe, as well as the increase of destructive potential in the United States.

The proposals of the Warsaw Congress are deliberately framed so as to give no advantage to one side or the other in the Cold War. By common and equal disarmament, the only gainer can be the whole population of the world. Of course, it will be said that, by halting massive rearmament and the militarisation of Western Germany and Japan, the Atlantic Powers would be forgoing immense advantages in the armaments race, but this is a double illusion. Nazi and Japanese militarists are at best doubtful allies, and any serious increase in armaments can be matched and more than matched by the immense potential of the Soviet Union and China. To rely on terror weapons is a false security. Not only are we open to retaliation, but in the last resort, we should know by now, the Soviet Union and China will not be blackmailed by any threat to their cities into surrendering their independence.

We have, indeed, in this country, nothing to gain from continuing the policy of "toughness" and rearmament of which war is the only certain end. Britain should have long ago taken the lead in formulating a peace policy. Now, at last, there are signs of a desire to do so. But it is no use doing it in isolation or within the ambit of the so-called Atlantic Community. There can be no peace, no useful peace discussions, unless the new and dynamic peoples of Eastern Europe and Asia take part in them; unless they take into account, also, the rightful aspirations of colonial peoples. That is why it is particularly important that all parties and all people with a will to peace in this country should be prepared to discuss peace with those of the rest of the world. We cannot reasonably ask our Government to talk with those of the Soviet Union and China unless we, as citizens, are prepared to talk with the citizens of those countries; that is, to take part in the deliberations of the world movement of the defenders of peace.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square, W.C.1

ATLANTIC AWARDS

SIR,—I hasten to stress V. S. Pritchett's plea for a continuation of the idea of the Atlantic Awards. Only those young writers who have been "saved" by such an award can understand the urgency of the situation. "Literature dies as fast as the writer becomes a wage earner," is an apt comment illustrating the fact that writers are made and not born.

In one case, of which I have an intimate knowledge, a novel had been written during anxious periods of commercial travelling and farm labouring. It was rejected by publisher after publisher, always with appropriate comments on various subjective passages indicating an undue hastiness in writing and the frustration under which the author had to work. With the granting of an Award he was able to approach the work in quite a different mood. Without financial worries he revised the novel in a hitherto unknown tranquillity. It was quickly accepted for publication.

This experience would probably cover many of those receiving Awards. The idea of such a thing as an undeserving Award, particularly among novelists, is quite ridiculous when we remember the persistence and purpose needed to finish such a work. Yet if rich industrialists and newspaper proprietors cannot be persuaded to help maintain such scholarships, to quote Mr. Pritchett, an appeal to the general public would be equally useless. Imagine a small annual charge of threepence at each free public library, or an annual flag-day? Like the "Little Reviews," like the freedom to assert our individuality, like belief in leisure, such a charity would seem a meaningless privilege.

As with everything that is not geared to the production drive, conscription, the church, or a political party, writers will have to struggle for themselves in an increasingly hostile environment.

It would, incidentally, be interesting to compare the work of young writers who were so poor as to apply for an Award, with the work of others who had no such problems. Such a comparison, over the last four years, more than anything else, might prove the value of these Awards.

SHEILA SHAPEERO

La Villaize, St. Ouen, Jersey, C.I.

SIR,—I suppose I am one of the younger writers whose convulsions to prevent themselves being "silenced by other employment" were so vividly described by Mr. V. S. Pritchett. I didn't get an Atlantic Award, but my first novel received a distinguished British literary award. Morally that was a powerful stimulant and compensated for a good deal of forgoing frustration. The accompanying cheque, too, was a delightful windfall. But it brought no fundamental solution to my problem of how to maintain a wife and children without doing a daily job I loathe, how to give full expression to the writing I want to do in the few compressed hours available each evening, how to pay off the mortgage on the house I was forced to buy without doing journalistic navvying, how I can afford time for the shorter writing I'd like to do now that *Horizon*, *New Writing*, etc., have packed their bags and gone, how to avoid the nervous breakdown my doctor's promised me. Yes, I know. Johnson was a hack journalist. Henry Miller washed dishes. Blake slaved at engraving. Well, I am not claiming to have their talents, and anyway such facts provide little consolation in terms of every-day reality. Freedom from anxiety? The young writer's only hope of

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achieving that is by selling a book to Hollywood, and, even in my present predicament, I can't convince myself that is the best way. I see what Connolly meant when he said the writer henceforth will be judged by the quality of his despair. "TWENTY-NINE."

SIR,—May a group of poetry readers in the remote countryside express their keen satisfaction at Mr. Stephen Spender's admirable suggestion in your issue of Nov. 25th. It seems to us to be an excellent scheme, offering poetry readers the opportunity (which many of them desire) to help in solving the problem of publishing the work of unknown poets.

E. C. R. LORAC CAROL RIVETT
M. F. HOWSON JOHN L. HOWSON
Aughton, Lunesdale.

COST OF LIVING

SIR,—The Labour Party seems at the end of its ideas, and for good reason. It has enacted them all: nationalisation of key industries and basic services, all-in social insurance, socialised medicine. Now we face a bad patch. Ideas are needed.

Our worst headache is the cost of living. Most potent cause of high prices is that more workers than ever are on jobs that augment capital equipment but deliver no consumer goods. Modernised mines and railways, extended power stations and oil refineries, more houses, schools, hospitals and factories, all these spell future well-being, but they likewise entail immediate dear living.

To massive capital production we now add huge munition output. More incomes than ever will flow to the shops, with no compensating added flow of consumer goods. First law of "business" is *the price of a thing is what it will fetch*. So prices rise, and discontent may put the Tories in.

Remedy is to peg the prices of all necessities with bigger subsidies, adding their cost not to taxation but to National Debt. To ensure the success of a big loan at 3½ per cent. (that is what money is "worth" now) guarantee interest and repayment of principal according to a cost-of-living sliding scale. People would no longer fear to invest lest their savings should melt as rising prices eroded the value of money.

Let no one tell me this is "not Socialism"! Never in all my 43 years' membership of the Labour Party have I heard loan finance challenged at annual conference. But if we are to have loans, let them be honest ones.

The cost of living thus steadied, the Government could face an election reasonably expecting a working majority wherewith to carry on until the accruing benefits of nationalisation have eased the economic position—as I am sure they will. Meanwhile let us think up new ideas, long overdue. Too long has our movement lived on the thinking of the early Fabians.

House of Commons. H. NORMAN SMITH

THE ELBE LINE

SIR,—In your issue of November 11th which has just reached me you talk of an "Elbe Line" in your article "Surrender to the Pentagon." May I submit that this line does not exist, that it is a misleading and therefore dangerous figment of pub strategists that has crept into the British and American Press from the Continent?

The "Elbe line" does not exist for the simple reason that the Russians are already across it in depth. The East German *Land* of Thuringia and parts of the *Land* of Brandenburg lie West and South West of the Elbe. Any line on the Western banks of the lower reaches of the Elbe would have to stop on the borders of the Soviet Zone and turn sharply to the South West. It would be a feeler rather than a line.

Russian control of the Bohemian bastion rather than Allied possession of the mouth of the Elbe is likely to determine any military operations in Central Europe. Any considerable armoured force debouching into Bavaria from the Bohemian quadrangle must outflank an army on the Elbe and could make for the focal point on the Rhine where the Swiss, French and German borders meet. The defenders of Western Austria would be taken in the rear and left flank. In Austria the Russians are on the Bavarian border North of the Danube and in the foothills of the Alps South of the river.

Talk of an "Elbe line" just does not take any notice of these facts. The German generals who conceive of an Atlantic Pact force of armoured divisions capable of taking instant offensive action do. That only the definite prospect of a vigorous and victorious strategic offensive that would regain for Germany the lost territories in the East would make rearmament worth the Germans' while emotionally and politically cannot be discussed in a letter. But I venture to suggest that Heinrich Fraenkel's man in the street would be inclined to support such a proposition. L. R. MURRAY

The British Club, Vienna.

BANNING BOOKS

SIR,—C. H. Rolph's excellent article on the prosecution of books as "obscene" moves me to comment on one aspect of the subject which he has left unmentioned. At present the prosecution, destruction and banning of a book are a purely local matter. The books that were condemned at Blackpool are still sold freely all over the rest of the country. In my opinion this is wrong.

In the Blackpool case I was an interested party—one of the books prosecuted, *The Encyclopædia of Sexual Knowledge*, appeared under my Editorship in 1934, and my name appears on the title-page though I derive no royalties from it and have no financial interest in its sale. I therefore got in touch with the publishers and urged them to arrange for an adequate defence. They conferred with two other publishers whose books were involved in the same case, and decided not to make an adequate defence, and not to appeal if the case was lost.

It was explained to me that, if the case received much publicity, the books would probably be banned all over the country; while, if the defence did not make much fuss, there would be little publicity and prosecutions of the same books in other parts of the country would be few if any.

As the charge was laid against the shopkeeper who sold the books, and who could not afford the expense of an adequate defence, the publishers might have been expected to combine to furnish funds for this purpose to protect their own good names. For the reason given above, they did not do so. The authors and editors of the books were not called to give evidence and, not being called could not be represented. This seems to me very unjust, and a matter which should be taken up by the Authors' Society.

If the authorities were to make the banning of a book in one part of the country automatically to extend to other parts, the prospect of a larger financial loss would induce publishers to arrange for adequate defence in most cases. NORMAN HAIRE

Sex Education Society. *President*

ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter of Mr. Zilliacus on Archbishop Stepinac. As I was in Yugoslavia at the same time as Mr. Zilliacus, and took pains to discover the views of both sides as to this by no means simple question, I hope it is not too late for you to allow me a comment on it.

Mr. Zilliacus concluded his letter by remarking: "These are the facts. I leave your readers to draw their own conclusions." The inference is that he has provided material for a conclusive answer to the question "Why is Stepinac in prison?" If the conclusion was transparently obvious one wonders why it was necessary to make sure by arresting his counsel the day before his trial. But leaving aside the question of his personal guilt and the degree of his collaboration with the enemy, he was perhaps put in prison not only for what he did but for what he represented—namely a Church which by claiming an independent and international authority seemed a threat to the regime.

For an impartial judgment to be formed, therefore, Mr. Zilliacus should have added some details as to the policy of the regime towards the Catholic Church, the number of Catholic priests left (c.2,000) compared with the number before the war (c.4,000) and of the attempt to form a "National Catholic" Church.

It is difficult to eliminate bias from this question, and I should add that I am myself a Catholic, but whatever the guilt of the Archbishop, there can be no doubt as to the partiality of his judges.

Lincoln College, Oxford. JOHN POELS

"OPERATION HEARTBREAK"

SIR,—Authors must accept criticism philosophically, and I can assure the writer who reviewed *Operation Heartbreak* in your last issue that I bear him no malice and that, indeed, his review amused me as much as, he says, my book amused him.

I submit, however, that he went too far when he accused me of writing a contemporary biography of Talleyrand. Either he must suppose that I am nearly 200 years old, in which case he should make greater allowance for my literary shortcomings, or else he must believe that Monsieur de Talleyrand is still alive, which is unfortunately not the case.

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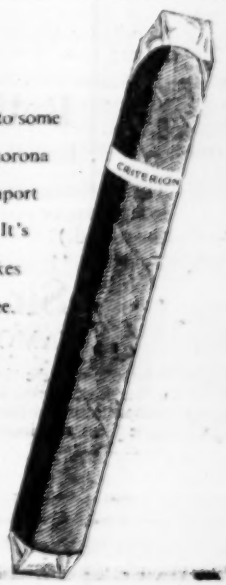

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Christmas Books

LONDON

We have seen easily enough across the square, noted the clock's hands at twelve, and decided to go out. In a few windows there may be lights burning, and like some blunt semi-transparent fish a bus noses its way, showing a bellyful of passengers. The sun has been switched on, low, an observable orange; or an invalid's lamp.

This last notion, at war with a mild festivity, derives partly from the frightful coughing fit, known as "graveyard," which has started nearby and without which no London street in November would know itself. It racks the offending air; it exaggerates; it complains, like the magpie's squawk, to others. Cough begets cough, the antiphony waking echoes from areas and stone stairs, till one can't help feeling, "What a swine I am to be well!" and in the same moment, "But damn it, they can't, these distress signals, mean *all* they say!" However, the magpies or ravens have done their work, which is to suggest to anyone more happy-go-lucky or less phlegmatic, that to-day's is a fair stinker, if no less than we might expect.

The shadow of a doubt or a depression begins to settle. That soft yellowy-grey perspective, working wonders with lamp-post, soot-dark tree, and Victorian front—is it quite as delectable as a moment ago it seemed? Aren't the public complainers right, and wouldn't it have been better to stay in, yielding to the cigarette that would make a job of throat-flaying? Isn't the fog, in fact, getting worse—*particular*? The trouble with these too delicate mornings is, they're short-lived: wind and rain spirit them away, or carbon cloaks all.

But while it lasts, there is time, say, for measuring the exquisiteness of St. Pancras or the Prudential Building (illustrations to Mr. de la Mare!), for glancing down the river, or crossing one of the parks. I like the parks because there the people don't bump into one, and traffic has become an agreeable purr. To listen to that endemic London grumble, and to tread turf, sniff the damp or smouldering leaves, encounter the trees' recession, skip along by a water where swans officiate, noisy ducks dive out of the way of noisier gulls, and a half-submerged chair awaits an amphibious sitter: this is one of the consolations—no, sharper than that, a positive boon—of being shackled to London. London is such a willing provider of antidotes to itself. It damps. It commiserates.

London, the real London, the sort of thing important writers and guide-books go after—what, where on earth is that? Luckily, it—or rather she—can't in a simple embrace be taken in; but if she could, her importunate lover might find, not a queen, but a dowager, fierce, puddingy, and eternal, wedded to her state, yet horribly spreading, with a patch, an eyeshade, a dirty chuckle, and trinkets pinned to her half-mourning like flags to the fading map of Empire. I speak as an admirer, one whose assiduity over the years has not diminished passion, but refined its object: now a sweep of the lashes, the left elbow, must satisfy. Hence my addiction—so far as London is concerned—to the half-shades and the twilights, promises or reminders, partial disclosures, fillets of view. Autumn beautifully feeds this delusion. Its gay deciduous tints, its washed lawns, its gold-leaf walks, its bonfires that puff their own small fog, equivocate hauntingly for a while.

Still—somewhere or other, if we dared face it—there's this London itself, monstrous, tender, deject: incommunicably vast. As soon as one has noted this or that characteristic, its opposite starts up. London's ugliness, like its vastness, I take as incontrovertible. But *tender*, shouldn't that rather be *harsh*? And is dejection more to the point than jigging defiance? No, no, I'll stand by dejection. A certain lachrymosity is in the air.

There are, I suppose, almost as many Londons as Londoners. A few of them, from different sources and times, have been collected by Hugh and Pauline Massingham in a section of their *London Anthology* (Phœnix House, 21*s*.). London is (you will discover there) indescribably beautiful, a dreadful ant-heap, an impregnable strength, the whole of human life, a cloud beneath a cloud, the most *twilight* intellectual city you could meet with, the gangrene of our body politic, lovable dust, a veiled secret, the last city to set the Thames on fire, and a very splendid and indefinable flatness of mind. The names attached to the labels are Gibbon, Wilberforce, Johnson, Ford Madox Ford, Henry James, Arthur Symons, Anon in the *Nation* (1908), Herzen, Mendelssohn, Carlyle, and George Moore, though not in that order; so that readers with a moment to spare may, if they like, rearrange them. Their diversity gives a sort of impression of the whole. In fact this very large book, made up of letters, memoirs, and reportings, with a few descriptive poems thrown in, produced in me after a time the sensations of wandering about a London suddenly grown aware of itself. Streets, centuries flash into view; the Rothschild goat wanders in Piccadilly; King George IV (according to the Princess de Lieven) has to hire the crown for his coronation; one fire starts at Pudding Lane, another at bomb corner; fat and sweet salmon are pulled out of the Thames; Oscar Wilde, one draughty afternoon, stands hand-cuffed on a platform at Clapham Junction; a lady directs that she shall be coffined with her handkerchiefs and liberally covered with snuff; Regent's Street comes tumbling down; moonlight returns with the Luftwaffe; Shaw listens to Mozart, Wesley plays a flute to the lions in the Tower, and at Christie's Wordsworth, seeing in a corner a group of Cupid and Psyche kissing, exclaims, "The Dev-ils!"; everywhere vistas extend, doors open, envelopes are sliced and shaken, newspapers spread out. Almost every aspect of London from pleasure gardens to dock dormitories and prisons, and from Sir Joshua Reynolds (paying off with a bad shilling) to Mayhew's spice-tongued sewerman, seems to have found a place. Here, eternally delighting with her incursions on Positivism, Mr. Gladstone and the writing room of a ladies' club, is my favourite English woman writer, Eliza Savage (Butler's Miss Savage). Doré and Cruikshank and Doyle, among a host of others, illustrate; and altogether this book comes near maintaining what I have just noticed to be its full title—The *London Anthology*. A major consolation of living in London, besides the inexhaustible interest of one's fellow millions, is the pleasure of being able to enjoy its gossip.

How much more deeply dyed, for example, is Victorian civic ugliness (on which we frown yet blandly expand) when one has taken in the ever-lively horrors of Henry Mayhew! The fourth volume of his *London Labour and the London Poor* entitled "Those That Will Not Work" has now been trimmed by Mr. Peter Quennell and published as *London's Underworld* (Kimber, 18*s*.). Prostitutes, thieves and beggars provide his quarry; he tracks them down, he pumps them, he nails down their £ s. d., and sometimes he moralises. He seems to have grown rather staider, though no less inquisitive, than in the former volumes; and now the word-of-mouth is less tangy, the classification more in evidence. But this can be a delight in itself. Plain whore may not stalk his page, but prima donnas, convives, seclusives, cohabitant and itinerant prostitutes do. And at least one of his reported narratives—the life-history of a pickpocket—reveals with startling clarity a world as fascinating as that of Defoe's *Colonel Jack*.

The streets will look a little differently to anyone who has followed the turnings through these two books. Add a third: *London in the Nineties* (edited by Leonora Collins, Saturn Press, 21*s*.), with its excellent mass-observing by the camera that takes us through streets grand and mean, into third-class dining-cars, on picnics, after processions, among bowler-hatted workmen and wasp-waisted Gaiety girls. One pleasure of these old, pin-sharp plates, occupying a generously large page, is that we can linger over them to study the passengers and the advertisements on the horse-buses.

So I return to London as it is—whatever it is. At the moment it is up to one of its favourite tricks: the faint mist or fog has lifted, and now, at lunch-time, after hesitating between various depths of grey and brown, the sky has attained almost total eclipse. What should we do without our weather? We inquire of each other after it tenderly; it is our corporate state of health. It is more. Does London exist in space and eternity? God forbid! Time and change are its elements. The more we steep ourselves in its past, the more we welcome its momentary flickers. It is built, as you know, of stone, soot, rain, brick, mizzle, concrete, steel, stratus, and a tesselation of sun. Nice day!

G. W. Stonier

ADVENTURE

Son of the Black Stallion. By WALTER FARLEY. *Collins.* 6s.
Three for Riding. By MURIEL NEWTON. *Herbert Jenkins.* 6s.
I Wrote a Pony Book. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Bunkle Went for Six. By M. PARDOE. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.
There's No Escape. By IAN SERRAILLIER. *Cape.* 9s.
The Provost's Jewel. By ELISABETH KYLE. *Peter Davies.* 8s. 6d.

At Christmas-time, the flood-gates of juvenile fiction are opened wide and through them pours a stream of sadly indifferent literature. An angler in these troubled waters may, occasionally, land a reputable fish, but only after tugging out eight old boots, five rusty kettles, and a dead dog.

How well one knows the formula. Somewhere there must be a reference to food: "Goody, a bulging hamper! Jennifer threw back the lid and out fell a huge currant cake, ices, dainty little serviettes, jellies, trifles, bottles of sparkling fruit-ade; trust old Mums!" There must be adventure: "Deftly pressing the concealed knob, Deirdre thrilled to see a section of panelling swing noiselessly back, and a musty smell, as of age-old forgotten things, assailed her. Sir Trefusis Bellingham's hiding-hole! Yes, this must be it!" There must be physical fear (very important): "Black Silas took a firmer grip on his oaken cudgel and advanced grimly on Humphrey. 'Do 'ee do as I instructs, young varmint, or else . . .!' There was a savage intensity in the words that the gentle Rutland 'burr' did nothing to assuage." There must be speed (and no fear):

> Gloria, alone in the jet-plane, moved one shining lever after another. The roar of the motors changed to a sharp whine. With a little gurgle of pleasure, she realised that they were through the speed of sound, and going faster every moment. Whew! It was hot! Loosening her fawn cardigan, Gloria peered earthwards. Yes, there was dear old Bury St. Edmunds, and Auntie Clarice fluttering a white lawn hanky as the throbbing machine zoomed over The Cedars.

To offset all this vigour, a pensive note (not too profound) may sometimes be struck:

> Sonia, curled up in the ingle-nook, mused thoughtfully about Life. Why did people want to kill each other? Weren't they all happy? What did it all mean? "Sonia! Elevenses!" Her mother's voice, hailing her from the lounge, broke rudely in upon her reverie. "Come along, you little dreamer!"—this from Dads. Sonia gave herself a shake. Yes, everything was all right after all.

Equestrian books seem to be on the increase. Does every child now see itself flashing past a winning-post, National Velvet-style, or doing a faultless round (hocks well up) at the gymkhana? *Son of the Black Stallion* starts in the Arabian desert with a sheik, Abu Já Kub ben Ishak, promising Alec Ramsay (of Flushing, New York) a colt sired by his alarmingly vigorous black stallion. The presence of sand inspires the usual noises, and on the second page a swarthy band are all going "La ilaha-'llah" and, rather mysteriously, "É . . . Yes!" The colt (Satan), "a fine hunk of horseflesh," makes trouble from the first and has worked up a lather and bitten a Bedouin before they have even got him aboard ship. In America he "hurls his forelegs at Alec," and Mr. Ramsay says a word of comfort to Mrs. Ramsay: "his horse is his world, Belle," he explains. The beast gets larger and larger ("he sure is a lot of horse"), and his behaviour remains patchy; one minute he is trying to bite a Mr. Volence, and the next he is covered in "white foam and blood wheeze." Is Alec wise to retain him? "You're lettin' this black devil crawl right inside of you," they tell him. The mettlesome steed turns up trumps (if these be trumps) in the end, winning "The Sanford" with "a bristling drive to the wire." But can he win "The Hopeful" at Belmont Park? Can the jockey emerge reasonably fresh from the locker room and "the pungent smell of liniment mixed with the stench of wet silks"? Can he? "É . . . Yes!" To like *Son of the Black Stallion* you will need to be excessively fond of black stallions. Otherwise, it is É . . . No!

There are no pungent stenches in *Three for Riding*, but it could do with something of the sort. However, if you have an ex-toddler who can't wait to mount and be off, this is the very thing. It concerns the interminable series of riding lessons given to Mrs. Brown and her son by a Captain John. Do you ever get your bridoon tangled up in your girths? Can you fasten the throat-lash and pull the cheek-straps even? Would you like to see a Doubled Bridle with parts labelled? If your answers run Yes, No, Yes, purchase immediately. Digressions are few, but there is a French girl, Miss La Fée, who says "'Ullo" and "Zank you" and peers about "out of sombre heavily lidded eyes." In the end, Mrs. Brown is able to pronounce with immense confidence (not of Miss La Fée) "She has a lovely sloping shoulder . . . good withers and nice clean legs." By the by, a good way of getting your stirrup leathers to the right length is to put the bottom of the iron in the armpit and . . . but you know all that.

I Wrote a Pony Book starts well enough at a school called Crispington (Headmistress: Miss Helpman), with the Edith Cavell dormy, heaps of Prefect's Order Marks, and "I liked that little two-piece you wore at supper, Alison." But before long we are at home and in our "jodhs," hurrying to the saddle-room, inspecting our tack (soaked in Neatsfoot oil), and practising our back-reining. Then we gaze at a grey gelding of fourteen hands, called Phantom, suffering from sweet-itch. After oiling hoofs and doing "half-passes," we go off to the gymkhana and the upper-crust world of Sandra Castlehaugh, Lady Mary Mallett, Gavin Hopetoun, and a Mrs. Johnstone-Hope-Drummond, who dishes out the rosettes and says "Good show. Good show," in a mannish way. Alison writes a book about it all, the publishers requesting the word "pony" in the title. Previous titles by Miss Cannan are *A Pony for Jean, Another Pony for Jean,* and *More Ponies for Jean.* That really does tot up to a terrible lot of ponies.

It is on the cards that those who enjoyed *Bunkle Butts In, Bunkle Bought It,* and *Bunkle Baffles Them,* will also enjoy *Bunkle Went for Six,* despite the alliterative failure (an alternative title does spring to mind, instantly quelled). Bunkle (Billy de Salis) is given to saying "okey-doke" and "wiz-oh," and is, apparently, at school at Winchester. His father, retired from the Secret Service (used to be "jolly good at it"), is keeping his hand in with some missing "papers," the Iron Curtain, Russia and The Atom. There is an exciting rendezvous with a high-up sleuth (steely look in the eyes) in the roof-garden at Derry and Tom's, and a French boy who comes well up to fictional scratch with plenty of "'Ow do you say? . . . zen zat ees ze five o'clock . . . it is ver' noorishing." But the villains, Samuelson and Golding ("both keenly interested in Israelite affairs"), are a milk-and-water pair; imprisoned in an underground passage, all Samuelson can think of doing is to bang on the door and shout. "'Bang away!' said Jill cheerfully." If there is going to be a bang, it should come from the other end of a dynamite fuse, which hisses and splutters (do they, in fact?) most thrillingly as the chapter closes in a line of suspenseful dots.

We get nearer to Russia in *There's No Escape* and find ourselves in "mountainous Silvania, a small European country overrun by the Yugolatians," from which it is essential to rescue Dr. Helpmann (from Cambridge), "in whose brain lies the secret of the Radar-beam camera and its corresponding Blocking Beam." Dr. Helpmann is also bright about focusing potentials and electrode design and has a schoolgirl passion for cocoa at all hours. The story is well written and stunningly well illustrated (C. Walter Hodges), but barely exciting enough. Somebody gets a lighted cigarette in the cheek, and there is a shot or two, but S.E. (one assumes) Europe prepares the bloodthirsty for more modish excitements. However, this is a worthy and recommendable book.

In *The Provost's Jewel* we are firmly in Hoot Toot Land, with oatcakes and "Fegs!" and wee Walter Macfadyen (nephew of a New York Special Policeman), who assists in tracking down Lou and Minna Seago (American jewel thieves) who have crossed the Atlantic to filch Sir Andrew Bogle's badge of office, a goldfish with diamond eyes, "ye never saw the like." Minna says "Darnation!" at moments of stress and is thought to be going to "let off some chloroform" to stupefy the Provost. Lou dresses up as the Rev. Micah Jones and bamboozles Lady Bogle. Illustrations so-so, Minna and Lou looking even more unreal than the text reveals them to be. The plot, the back flap assures us, "keeps well within the bounds of possibility." Wheest, guid sakes and och away!

It is, one supposes, better that children should read something than nothing, but what are they, perhaps, missing? Do they all read *Treasure Island* (the book of the film)? What about the matchless *Moonfleet*? Is *The Talisman* still enjoyed? Poor old Sir Walter may have reached the nadir elsewhere, but he used to delight the school-room. Are Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle safely stowed on the topmost shelf? Parents would do well to pause and consider as they face the glossily heaped book-stands. Apart from questions of taste, style, sense and readability, there is no point in paying nine shillings for "Bingo and the Planet-ship" when they might get, say, a Jules Verne for five.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

UNDER THE MOUNTAIN

The Big House. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.
The Treasure of the Isle of Mist. By W. W. TARN. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.
The Seventh Pig. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.
The White Rabbit's Road. By EILEEN O'FAOLAIN. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.
The Animals' Breakfast. By BRYAN GUINNESS. *Heinemann.* 6s.
The Cobbler's Shop. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Eudoria's Broomstick. By VICTOR KNOWLAND. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.
The 21 Balloons. By WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS. *Hale.* 10s. 6d.
The Five Wishes. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.
The Wandering Moon. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 6s.
Men and Gods. By REX WARNER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10s. 6d.
Odysseus the Wanderer. By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Bell.* 8s. 6d.

What I miss most in the real-life books written for children to-day is the *Sad*. Our feelings are never wrenched; through tale after wholesome tale not a tear is impelled to the eye. (Murder, it is true, is more than tolerated: but who ever is meant to feel a pang for a murderee?) Nobody is Poor—and I don't mean that brave jolly kind of poverty practised in the chapters before the titled aunt in the Midlands relents (as we knew she would do) and replaces the family bicycle with a pony apiece. As for sickness—no change of heart is likely to come out of chicken-pox or a sprained ankle, the only two diseases I can now trace in our juvenile fiction. Not a single pale sufferer on a permanent sofa offers coarser boys and girls a guide for living; in a thousand pages I have not met *one* infant death-bed. It is a sad gap. If *Jane Eyre* is still read under the desk, it is not for Mr. Rochester but for the saintly death of Helen Burns—though of course, if you like to go farther, there is always the purple face of the mad wife.

I have been very well pleased, however, by a group of books in another tradition; it may be that magic, or at any rate fancy, has something not too healthy about it; on the other hand, fairly simple or rugged conditions are needed

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for it to operate successfully. As a result, most of these stories are set in Ireland or Scotland, or in past time, or in a nursery which doesn't seem to have even a wireless, let alone a television set. One of the best is *The Big House* by Naomi Mitchison, a magnificent and terrifying fairy tale set in the Western Highlands, on a good foundation of Highland history and fairy lore. One Hallowe'en, Su of the Big House and her friend Winkie the fisherman's son have to journey into time to rescue a lost soul from the Fairy Hill, and they discover, in the Highland past, that their families have not always been in their present position. "It would be a queer world," one character says, "if the same ones were aye up or down." Boys and girls who like this kind of story will like it very much; it deserves a long life.

The Treasure of the Isle of Mist whose heroine, Fiona, is 15 and lives on the Isle of Skye, is for the oldish young and girls at that. It is the right book, it seems to me, for an unsophisticated but clever niece between twelve and seventeen, who likes the early poems of Yeats and the humour of *The Crock of Gold* and the romantic appeal of the Western Isles; who still, believes in magic and the kind of adventure that goes with it, and is not dismayed by an overall sprinkling of scholarship and allegory. I should add, for those who know such a girl, that the book has a pleasing appearance, and is illustrated with delicate line drawings.

My favourite of the Irish books is *The Seventh Pig*; its author, Patricia Lynch, is an extraordinarily good story-teller. It is a pity though that the drawings are so insensitive; better no illustrations than the wrong ones. Humorous, homely, wild or strange, her nineteen stories make no unfair attack on whatever organ is the seat of our moral uneasiness; (but be polite to that leprechaun all the same; you *might* find half a crown on your pillow). I like particularly the idea of a policeman being enticed into the mountain to keep order at Queen Maeve's court. *The White Rabbit's Road*, by Eileen O'Faolain, is a pleasant story, also Irish, with rather better pictures; it tells how Sheeogue the dog was captured by an evil fairy and kept in the heart of the mountain, and how Maura Beg and her brother Peadar Joe found and rescued him. Non-Irish children may feel a dash of envy that so much wild circumstance should be available without going a step outside the ordinary life of school, village matters, and, for a treat, the Fair at Lisgrarvan.

Two of the three stories in *The Animals' Breakfast* by Bryan Guinness are about leprechauns and smugglers' ghosts in caves on the Kerry coast, but the children this time are nursery, not peasant children, and I suspect the author, moreover, of making private family jokes. The third is a droll fancy about the animals of the Dublin Zoo having their midnight breakfast party at the Hoo (short for Human Gardens). "I am glad to say," says the Lion in his Report, "that we have been able to breed successfully from the MacAdamess; she presented her mate with a fine new boy cub last February . . ."

I must insist that the twelve stories in *The Cobbler's Shop* by Alison Uttley are not, as the dust cover claims, genuine fairy tales; they have too much "goodness" about them for that, but they are very pretty stories all the same, admirably written, for nice children under twelve who like to read of Christmas trees, old craftsmen, lame girls and old-time country matters. Perhaps these readers will not be as critical of the tame illustrations as this reviewer.

Eudoria's Broomstick, however (written and illustrated by Victor Knowland) has the best witch pictures I have come across for a very long time; printed in midnight blue (and slightly flavoured—can it be?—by Emmet) they give the strangest suggestion of time and distance, nor is the story a disappointment. Indeed, it is high-grade madness, and full of practical stuff about necromantic matters, what witches eat, for instance. I strongly recommend it to any pre-adolescent witch fancier from 6 onwards; adults may find it an interesting example of the new romanticism—the 20th-century Gothic—about railways.

The Five Wishes by Dorothy Margaret Stuart is an engaging piece of reconstruction, very good of its kind, about a group of Victorian children; it is told with considerable exactness of background and dialogue. Mama is dead; Papa, the Brigadier, is in India; Miss Nightingale recommends a governess from her hospital; later, an aunt goes out to Scutari as a nurse. There is even a Byronically lame young elegant (or is he in the sofa tradition?) to squire the shy heroine. Readers of 11 are not too young, I think, nor of 16 too old.

Near the bottom of the pile, is a brilliant book; witty and exciting, and suitable for almost anybody of reading age—*The 21 Balloons* by William Pène du Bois. In 1883 Professor Sherman sails away on a balloon flight intended to last for a year. Three weeks later he is picked up in the Atlantic, clinging to the debris of twenty deflated balloons. What has befallen him? Fantastic as the answer is, it is told with all the careful authenticity of a Jules Verne narrative and it is illustrated with a gay French elegance by its author.

The Wandering Moon is a book of poems, all of which, I believe, children would like to read and half of which they might like to learn, for its author, James Reeves, has an unwhimsical imagination (recalling Robert Graves a little) and uses words precisely. If I had space I would quote from Old Moll, the Musical Box, the Summer Party, Musetta of the Mountains, and the one about Little Fan, who turned into a mermaid ("Yesterday you had two legs, that's certain, But now there's something else instead.") as, well as from the title poem:

Mount Newton is the highest peak
Upon the wandering moon,
And there perhaps the witches dance
To some fantastic tune,
And in the half-light cold and grey . . .

Well, we should have a fair idea by now what they are doing in that cold half-light.

As for the classical myths, there are nearly forty Greek and Roman legends in *Men and Gods*, re-told, in a very pleasant edition, by Rex Warner. And Aubrey de Selincourt gives a brisk version of Homer in *Odysseus the Wanderer*.

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Looking back upon the books I liked when I was a boy, I realise that adventure meant nothing to me unless the hero had a character of some kind. It was nothing to me that he was simply a hero; he had to be, perhaps, conceited, like young Midshipman Easy, misunderstood and ill-tempered like the chief figure of *The Dog With a Bad Name*, as worldly as Huck Finn, dishonest as Tom Sawyer, tearful as Oliver Twist, as priggish and shocked as the excellent David Balfour, one of the truly recognisable boys of fiction; or

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he could be as lachrymose, timid and morbid as the heroes of that awful philanthropical literature about the poor which descends from Dickens. (Since that literature went, the poor have gone out of boys' books; they are now written for a healthy, classless, anonymous suburbia.) There is now only a glimmer of character in the heroes of the list at the head of this column; only Mr. Richard Church's *The Cave* and Mr. G. F. Hughes's *The Adventures of Bill Holmes* have a touch of it—Mr. Church's hero actually wears spectacles, a very bold bid indeed. The rest are indistinguishable extraverts who are chaps at the most. Some sort of monopoly like Boyhood, Ltd., have specialised and nationalised the industry.

The prose of the monopoly has improved a little—and goodness knows there was room for an improvement in the worst written branch of English literature. The competition of the radio, a severe cleanser of language, has been felt. Perhaps some writers have had the shock of trying to read their stuff aloud. One hesitates to criticise the clichés, partly because no authors are so sensitive to criticism as the authors of juvenile works—one can almost *feel* the bread and butter being taken from their mouths—partly because one sees the cliché may be part of the goodwill of the business. Phrases like dauntless courage, dastardly villain, unscrupulous adventurer, exceptionally keen brain, features clean cut and hard, old and trusted briar, have the romantic value of a meaningless guarantee on a cheap watch. It is a pity, because readers will grow up to leave no stone unturned and wonder when it was that language began to bore them.

Difficulties "loom large" for Crasher Wilshaw, in *The Poisoned Pilot*, as his admirers in numerous earlier volumes will expect. What do the fine lines at the corners of Crasher's mouth indicate? In chorus we answer, "A tale of suffering bravely endured." And what does his secretary do? Again we sing out: "She radiates joy." Captain Pollard is a story-teller who deals his cards fast and well, and he has a zest for the stock phrase which is wonderfully reassuring. This detective novel has been converted into a juvenile model by the introduction at long intervals of a boy called Arthur who has no characteristics. He comes into his own at the end of the book in a satisfying way. "Did you notice if anyone had been sick in the cockpit?" Crasher asks him. Need we say that Arthur has been bursting for more than 200 pages to be asked that question. He had noticed nothing else. Captain Pollard knows his job. He has had every member of my family in his grip in the last few days.

The formula—and almost all the books on this list are written to a simple formula—is rather more coloured in *The Secret Legion*, a story of highwaymen and smugglers in the Napoleonic wars. It is a tale without too much costume and, being one of the B.B.C.'s thrillers, is directly told. It has an agreeable character in Captain Eustace, a man of some means. In his garden is a fountain which plays "not with a violent eruption of water"; his library he rarely visits; "he was not a great reader." And when faced by the secret codes which abound in the book, he exclaims (as one would oneself) "'Pon my word. Devilishly ingenious." One's feelings go out, in these books, to those who, like Captain Eustace, are slow in the uptake. I put this tale pretty high among the simple thrillers which give no information. Mr. Donald Suddaby's *The Star Raiders* is more literary and suffers in my view from reckless scientist and stooge trouble. There is a trip to Venus in a meteorite and, once on the planet, Mr. Suddaby's imagination, which is speculative and Wellsian, is notable. The place is inhabited by voices speaking in an invisible debate on man, mind and matter, while pretty but disturbing fiery forms blow about the creamy grass like burning thistle-down. Mr. Suddaby's accounts of sinister vegetation have originality; a book for the Thoughtful, Ethical and Rational child.

Frank Crisp's *The Haunted Reef* has a sounder scientific context. The hero spends most of his time under water in a diving suit, searching for a wreck and meeting horrifying fish. If he waits to get too close a sight of the whale-shark he is likely to be pulled up abruptly to the surface by his friends, and get an attack of the "bends." It soon appears that the whale-shark is nothing to the giant squid, the real terror of the reef. One slight caress on the ankle from the Thing and down one gently but inexorably goes. This is an exciting and informative book, one of the best in this collection.

I would put Vaughan Wilkins's *The City of Frozen Fire* as my first choice. There is the inevitable reminiscence of *Treasure Island*, the echo of other books, but it stands on its own as a romance. It is a story of 100 years ago, I suppose, and it contains two baronets—an historical novel without a knight or baronet is almost intolerable—an amusing, hot-headed, west-country pair. They protect a strange fellow who claims to be king of a lost colony of Welsh in South America—the tale comes from Hakluyt—and who brings his golden crown with him. The villains who are hot after the crown rather than the philosophical king who sits beneath it are very polished and very nasty knife-throwers. A Latin master, gone native—what a revenge!—is in with them. After their first set-back, the baronets act with wonderful speed and authority. It is a bit of a shock when the lost tribe of Welshmen, playing their musical instruments and talking ancient Welsh are discovered, but Mr. Wilkins faces that courageously. He has a feeling for history. He can write romantic narrative very engagingly, all his people are worth consideration and a lazy west-country zest and good dialogue give dimension to a story which is a credit to its kind. *Dauntless Takes Recruits* by Peter Dawlish belongs, I find, to a deeply admired series. This time the *Dauntless* goes down the Thames and has a rough time with the dead-end kids of Poplar. An awkward spell of class war; then one or two are taken aboard to be shown that it is more interesting to sail a boat than to damage it—a moral not too painfully drawn, indeed the honours in the quarrel are pretty even. What is the secret of Mr. Dawlish's spell? The natural ability to impart knowledge about boats and the science of navigation in good, clear English is one fascination. He is saturated in his subject. Then his stories are possible stories. He has a tolerant but not condescending manner and his children act and talk seriously even when they are behaving badly. There is no Prep. school atmosphere and no Prep. school talk, which is put into children's books, not because children talk like that, but because stories are easier to write if you can stereotype the dialogue. I suspect indolence in an author when I meet a breathless instead of an intensely serious child.

Hernshaw Castle by Philip Woodruff is a careful but not overweighted tale of the wars against the Danes. *A Woman Among Savages* by Helen Simpson is the story of Mary Kingsley, an excellent Puffin; and another thorough African book, *African Boy* by Grace Huxtable, is an estimable study of an African's boy's fight against his witch doctor. This is a social document in clever disguise. It is evidently for children nearer fourteen than eleven and who are able to wrest themselves from a conventional English view of the African scene. I see that as a difficulty, but it is a respectable book. G. F. Clarke's *David Cameron's Adventures* is a documentary about what life would really have been like for a white boy among Red Indians and has an 18th-century flatness of tone which would be a special taste. And in the same informative category there is a good Puffin, a true story of a family marooned in a Pacific Island: *Landfall the Unknown*.

Blackadder, a Napoleonic story, has been strongly recommended by addicts; Mr. Richard Church's *The Cave* is a slow starter, but exciting when it gets underground and someone drops the torch. This book is one of the best pieces of writing; and G. F. Hughes's *The Adventures of Bill Holmes*, about a young detective often hopelessly wrong but never discouraged, is looked upon, I find, with affection.

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The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot, 1820-23. Edited by FRANCIS BAMFORD and THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. *Macmillan.* 2 vols. 63*s.*

The publication of this important biographical document has been long, and somewhat unaccountably, delayed. For a century or more seven morocco-bound volumes have been reposing in the muniment room at Apsley House, waiting to reveal the secrets behind their locked clasps: but, hitherto, the Dukes of Wellington have shown no eagerness to examine their treasure. Did they keep Mrs. Arbuthnot *incommunicado* for fear of posthumous disgrace to their great ancestor? He had been commonly believed to be her lover. Indeed, at the time of her death Greville enters her in his Diary as "the Duke's mistress" in plain terms. A mere intrigue with a married woman at that date incurred no social stigma at all; Royalty had set the fashion. But in the Arbuthnots' case it would have been different: Mr. Arbuthnot was living with his wife on the best of terms and was a close friend of the Duke. He would have had to be a complaisant husband in a *ménage à trois* over a period of 14 years, if his wife had been sharing her favours with the Duke; an ignoble situation for all concerned—if it were true. There is evident excuse, therefore, for the quiet neglect of the seven locked volumes at Apsley House during all these years.

The present Duke of Wellington, however, being more interested in fact than in legend, has unlocked the mystery. The full text of the private Journal, which Mrs. Arbuthnot wrote from February, 1820, until January, 1832, now appears, luxuriously printed and liberally annotated, with the assurance from the editors that nothing has been omitted. The lady's honour and that of the Duke are vindicated: no one, reading however tendentiously between the lines, could conceive of a guilty liaison between the pair in face of this document. The Beau's flirt (so Creevey equivocally described Mrs. Arbuthnot) turns out not even to be that; she had not an ounce of flirtatiousness in her composition. As her friend Lady Shelley (who may well have been on the qui-vive as she herself accepted the Duke's advances) was quick to observe, she was "devoid of womanly passions"; instead, "she had a man-like sense." The Duke's prolonged *tête à têtes* with her were instigated, not by love, but by politics.

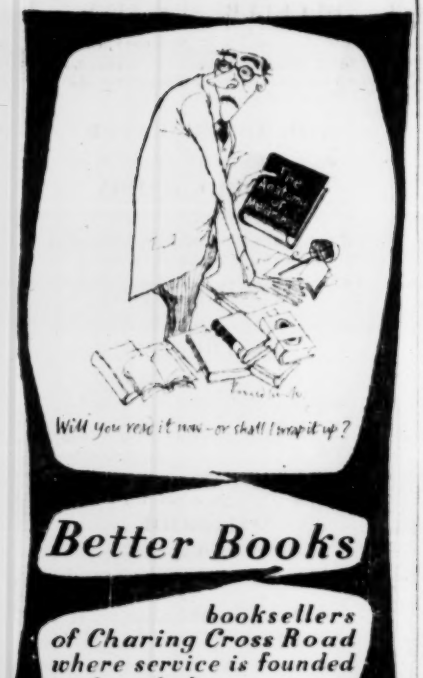
Although the Journal is an invaluable record of public events during the period, as indeed Mrs. Arbuthnot meant it to be, yet its publication has come too late in the day to make history: Creevey, Colchester, Greville and Professor Aspinall have all got their oars in first. We know so much by now about Lord Liverpool and Lord Goderich, Canning's spectacular conduct of foreign affairs, Catholic Emancipation and the passing of the Reform Bill that Mrs. Arbuthnot does little but cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of our previous informants. Even in the matter of Wellington's own particular attitude to political questions the Supplementary Despatches and Charles Arbuthnot's Correspondence have already covered the ground. Besides, the Duke was not a secretive man; he made no bones about speaking his mind on any occasion. "The most plain-spoken man in the world," Mrs. Arbuthnot calls him; and she thus had no advantage over her contemporaries in knowing his opinions. Where she does speak with unique authority is in her description of the emotional scenes between the two of them over politics; sometimes in agreement, such as in their joint animosity towards Canning, but quite often in squabbles, because the Duke was not such a bigoted ultra-Tory as the lady was herself and would have wished her hero to be.

La Tiranna was the private name given to Mrs. Arbuthnot by Wellington and Lady Shelley, poking fun at the supposed tyranny she exercised over the Duke. But the Journal makes clear that the affectionate nickname, as so often happens, had a bite to it under the surface. Nothing exposes the character more brutally than the self-revelation in the secret pages of a diary. Behind the mask of the quiet, unassuming lady of fashion lurked the passionate politician. (She once sat up all night in the roof-ventilator of the House of Commons until 7 o'clock in the morning to listen to a debate.) Her views are asserted in peremptory language. "I would almost rather see the Duke die than in a Cabinet of which Mr. Canning was head." "I would sooner see the Duke die than have him"—make Brougham Master of the Rolls! On occasion the vocabulary is unchanged, but the phraseology is less selfish. "I would rather die than see the Duke," etc., etc. There is no mincing moreover of her dictatorial tone. "I was very much provoked and wrote to the Duke to call here that I might scold him." *La Tiranna* lived up to her name, but she had her work cut out; for her victim too had a name; and he was not called the Iron Duke for nothing.

Like many another *bornée* woman, Mrs. Arbuthnot underestimated difficulties and exaggerated her own importance and ability. ("If I was the King of Spain" is the brisk way in which she approaches a ticklish question of foreign policy.) Where the Duke is concerned, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he used Mrs. Arbuthnot as a safe confidante but never as a wise counsellor; and indeed that he found her constant aspiration to the role of *eminence grise* exceedingly tiresome. Once only is she able to state complacently: "The Duke agrees in all these matters perfectly with me." At other times she is forced to record "He was very much annoyed," "He wrote me quite a savage letter," "He certainly is sometimes very *cross*," "We had *une scène très vive*," and "In short, we had what he calls a grand breeze and I thought the people on the Mall would have thought he was mad, he talked so loud. But we ended as we always do. We made up our quarrel and were very good friends."

The attention of this review has necessarily been concentrated on the attachment between Mrs. Arbuthnot and the Duke, as that constitutes the core of the Journal. But the lady moved in the highest society; and her pages yield a feast of new anecdotes about the fascinating figures of the period, for which there is space to give a few brief samples. There are the table manners of the Spanish Ambassador, "who picked his teeth with his fork and his ears with his toothpick." There is the wicked Duke of Cumberland describing Wellington as "that damned rascal." There is Knighton "the greatest rogue in England" along with his master, George IV, "the most sensual, selfish beast in the world." There is a scene at the Pavilion, where George IV described his passion for Lady Conyngham with such eloquence that he cried, Lady Conyngham cried and Madame de Lieven simply had to cry too. There is Goody Goderich weeping over his difficulties as Prime Minister. Even the Duke is to be found in tears after the horrors of the storming of Badajoz. "I bit my lips, did everything I could to stop myself . . . but I could not." There is the story of George IV at Ascot saying to Peel "I should have as soon expected to see a pig in a church as you at the races"; and another story of how George IV's body nearly exploded after death and the lead coffin was punctured only just in time. Talleyrand deserves the last word, for his suave reply, when Mrs. Arbuthnot asked him whether Huskisson's relations with Condorcet were *une liaison d'amitié ou de politique*:—"*Expliquez moi cela. Il était l'amant de Madame de Condorcet. Quelle était donc sa liaison avec Monsieur de Condorcet?*" He seemed to imply that Mrs. Arbuthnot was in a situation to know the right answer.

RALPH PARTRIDGE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Both Sides of the Iron Curtain. By SIR MAURICE PETERSON. *Constable.* 21*s.*

Confident Morning. By SIR HAROLD BUTLER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thunder in the Heavens. By JAMES LANSDALE HODSON. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

For the average writer of memoirs, posterity is a delusion. His readers are always fading away. Next year the books themselves will have been remaindered, the year after pulped . . . The year after that any copies that survive will probably perish in the coming holocaust. The odds against any one volume being singled out as source material by historians of the future must be considerable. Meanwhile *Both Sides of the Iron Curtain* looks at first glance as if it might remain worth reading for a little while. Its author, the archetype of all *diplomats de carrière*, was—among many other posts—Ambassador in Baghdad, Madrid, Ankara, and Moscow (1946-1949). Surely, one says, surely his memoirs cannot fail to be interesting. And, of course, one is right. But no thanks to Sir Maurice. If ever a man tried to write a dull book it is he. Dull, yet not unreadable. For the cold, cliché-ridden style has an atrocious clarity, like stagnant water:

> That in happier circumstances—if Bulgaria could have been left alone—Boris would have surmounted these difficulties is my firm belief. The progress of Nazism in Germany seemed to fill him with mistrust, although he confessed to what proved an exaggerated confidence in the robust common sense of Goering.

As one reads on, one's ear seems to catch the faint creak of a boiled shirt against the edge of a writing table. The atmosphere remains strongly Edwardian, but with the charm studiously removed. And with a prim discretion, worthy almost of an anxiety-stricken Soviet diplomat, Sir Maurice refuses to treat us to revelations or allow us to peep behind the scenes. In his foreword he boasts of "reducing to a minimum the chronicling of minor social occasions and gossip of the 'knife and fork' variety." Only once does the façade crack. That is when, in June 1940, he is recalled from Madrid:

> But it was only when Sam Hoare's name was mentioned as that of my intended successor that I was able to form some idea of the real reason for my recall. It would have been easier if someone

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had said that I must go to make room for Hoare. But no one did until at the end I had to say it myself.

The Moscow part, to which one automatically turns first, occupies one long chapter at the end of the book. Molotov, that bane of all diplomatic intercourse, seems to have been Sir Maurice's *bête noire*. Between them they managed to generate a temperature not far off absolute zero. Of Stalin he saw little. There is one really amusing—perhaps also significant—anecdote about a diplomatic reception in 1946, when Molotov and Vyshinsky were in New York, and

> The Soviet Marshals, headed by Budyenny and rendered even more formidable by the presence of their ladies, had been gathering in the background. Now they charged. In a trice they had occupied the diplomatic supper table and had converted it to their own use and enjoyment.

And Sir Maurice, who, though one of nature's stuffed shirts, on paper at any rate, is certainly no booby, makes some very sensible comments on the relative efficiency and stability of the Stalinist regime, but he never once attempts to give us the feel of the place.

For the rest, the book consists of carefully phrased descriptions of the diplomatic situations Sir Maurice encountered. He is particularly disappointing about his experiences in Spain (he was first accredited to Franco's Government when it was still at Burgos) where he was plainly not at ease despite his sympathies with the Right. Like so many British diplomats, he seems to have been most at home in the Curzonian domain of the Middle East. He gives an at times almost lively account of Egypt in the George Lloyd era, and Iraq during the last months of the reign of the crazy young King Ghazi. In both these countries he seems to have had the situation at his finger tips.

In *Confident Morning* Sir Harold Butler, who later became the Director of the International Labour Office, is mainly concerned with reminiscences of his youth and his early experiences at the Home Office during the golden Edwardian afterglow which was shattered in 1914. Unlike Sir Maurice Peterson, Sir Harold is not only willing but eager to please the reader. In his early chapters he slips in little anecdotes whenever he can remember them. For instance this academic vignette of the famous A. L. Smith on the hockey field :

> He played it with all the fury and fanaticism of a neophyte, slashing his opponents' shins unmercifully with the crooked ashplant that was used as a stick. We small boys dreaded the sweep of his flowing whiskers as he bore down upon us.

This is the kind of little gossipy bit that makes frosty smiles play over old withered apple faces in Senior Common Rooms. Sir Harold continues to reminisce pleasantly about the early days of the Local Government Board, when economists wore frockcoats and "the name Beveridge was still unknown, though there he already was, a mile or two away, incongruously writing leaders for *The Morning Post*." Later, however, he develops a tendency to lose his own agreeable personality in a series of animadversions on the changing climate of his time and the progress of social legislations; there are long passages in which he vanishes altogether, like a chameleon into its background. A final chapter deals with the Versailles Treaty and the setting up of the I.L.O.

Mr. Hodson, as a professional writer, is skilled in putting words together and manipulating his ego in front of a public. *Thunder in the Heavens* is his diary from April 1947 until April 1949. Lively and readable enough, it has one fault. It reads as if it had been written with an eye to publication. He is interesting enough when writing about himself and his own experiences, but he is rather inclined to fill in with anything secondhand that comes into his head, including talks just heard on the wireless. There is no breach of diarist's rules in any of this, but a good diary should be a distillation rather than an agglomeration.

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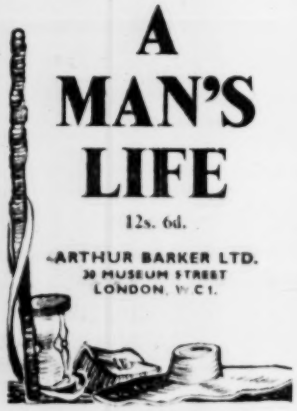

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Winter the lucid season when the "clear anatomy" of the tree stands out against the pure, calm colour of the sky; and Winter the dusk season, bringing "the Godless month", "the very dead of the year," when life dies down to its roots: it is this paradox which underlies Miss Sitwell's subtle anthology. Like the surprising contrasts of her general theme, her individual selections produce a queer tension; the prose of one period echoes and challenges the poetry of another, a sentence from a Japanese novel gains peculiar clarity and force from its proximity to a medieval carol.

The natural point of departure is the physical aspect of winter. This remains eternal in the great North, where the earlier explorers were bewildered by a riot of colours, sounds and portents. Samuel Hearne *hears* the Northern Lights, "a rustling and crackling noise like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind." Maupertius in Spitzbergen sees

> a great space of the sky tinged with so lively a red that the whole Constellation of Orion look'd as if it had been dipped in blood. This light . . . fixt at first, soon moved, and changing to other colours, Violet and Blue, settled into a Dome, whose top stood a little to the South and West of the Zenith. The Moon shone bright, but did not in the least efface it.

Miss Sitwell invokes Rimbaud, poet of the veiled affinities between colour and sound, to parallel these vivid facts of the world of nature with the equally vivid *noumena* in his interior life. He contrasts a light of supreme whiteness with a dark ray involved in shadow that also dazzles and obscures our gaze. But the white light, light of candour and renewal, persists. At the "dead of the year" comes Christmas, the moment of "impossible union." Two contemporaries, Jose Garcia Villa and David Gascoyne, show that the response to this traditional rhythm of the seasons remains as deeply felt as ever; but felt rather as a dark human cycle unfolding itself in the world of the city. Baudelaire is the supreme poet of the solitudes and enigmas of urban life, of the "*Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de rêves . . .*" His seven ancient men moving through the fog are succeeded by Blake's chimney-sweepers, black against the sharp snow, dramatic embodiments of the heartless city.

A Book of the Winter is cumulative in effect: we can follow its emotional structure, passing from the world of nature to the world within the mind, from the world of the city streets to the world by the fire, from the light and darkness of the flesh to the perfect light-in-darkness of the spirit. The journey is illumined by nightmares; harsh presences; violent lights; Comets, no longer the benignant rational objects in the cool world of objective science, but darker and older apparitions from an older world: those "blazing stars," which Pliny saw "bespread all over with hairs . . . plaited and twisted in the manner of a wreath."

Miss Sitwell's anthology ends with the spring, a crueller season than Winter, shattering the equilibrium promised by that "impossible union." This transition is marked by a glitteringly ominous passage from *All for Love* describing the portents in the temple of Isis, set beside De Nerval's mysterious sonnet *Horus*. Like Mr. Graves, Miss Sitwell finds the rhythms of human experience coloured and finally broken by a larger rhythm, symbolised here in the death of Kneph, "*dieu des volcans et le roi des hivers*," and the birth of "*L'enfant bien-aimé d'Hermes et d'Osiris.*" Life dies each year in the death of the Father-God and is reborn in the birth of the Son; only the Mother-Goddess is eternal.

A Book of the Winter is a singularly intense parable of the soul's journey. Miss Sitwell succeeds in making her own voice heard through the voices of a great many others and in presenting her own single vision through a multiplicity of eyes. Her choice is extremely judicious and there is hardly an item one would wish away. The only pity is that she does not handle her texts more carefully. Of these two lines: "*Et mon âme dansait, vieille gabare*" (Baudelaire) and "*Ce qui pêcheurs doivent nous recourir*" (Villon), the first lacks a foot, while the second cannot even be construed. The line from Baudelaire has been docked of its second "*dansait*"; as for the Villon, "*A qui pêcheurs doivent tous recourir*" is the reading to which most French scholars have become accustomed.

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moral, it is hardly, as Taine claimed, "*bourgeoise comme un tableau flamand*," nor deserving of Goethe's idealistic praise for its long-suffering hero. It moves towards one standard end—the vindication of Providence and its system of rewards and punishments. But to reach this end so many gods arrive that the machinery creaks with overloading; too many blessings are studiously disguised, too many ill-winds are turned to good account. The reader fights a weary battle with abstractions: "We talked," says Dr. Primrose at one point, "of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt." It is not a conversation one regrets having missed. What should appeal to the intellect in *The Vicar*, the lesser and greater virtues, and the means to them, fades, as ever, from the mind. Fortunately, there are golden touches to fleck this grey work of piety, and remind us of its author.

The masterpiece is *The Citizen of the World*. In this series of letters Goldsmith approaches society with an attitude of naive wonder and polite dissent. A straight-faced description by the Chinese Philosopher of some ornament to civilisation, an inn-sign, or a wig, of some arabesque of manners or tailpiece to the technique of living, brings the art of gentle satire to perfection. To be precise is to slay with ridicule ("a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea"); the paradox points to the truth ("When a lady is caught tripping . . . they never punish her, but the husband"); the aphoristic seals his authority ("Marriage has been compared to a game of skill for life; it is generous thus in both parties to declare they are sharpers in the beginning"); and the *mot juste* proves him an acute observer ("It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement"). By such devices Goldsmith blandly pricks his times. The pungency is still effective.

The two plays, both reprinted in full, need no praise. *The Life of Richard Nash* is a brilliant cautionary tale that wisely keeps to anecdotes and facts. *Animated Nature*, on which Goldsmith spent years manipulating antiquated sources into what might be a medieval cosmogony, yields a few brief extracts in his own delightful vein. It is clear that he did small things exquisitely; as he broadened, he also flattened.

Poetry he wrote with some difficulty, but with real spirit. Hampered by an obsession with humanitarian problems, he had to delineate the social scene, heroicomically:

> With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd
> And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

or as the economist-poet:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

A typical comment; but its over-gentle voice has only earned him the title of a "soft-shelled Crabbe." His better strain is to be found in "When lovely woman stoops to folly," and the other slight but matchless stanzas, or the occasional line of haunting beauty: "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. . . ." The few letters that exist show a Goldsmith released from the obligations of an artificial style. For once he is completely at his ease, colloquial, lively, vain and good-humoured.

In the end some of our sympathy for his personal hardships goes towards assessing his worth; we see him as a pathetic, slow struggler, a mixture of weaknesses and strength of heart. "Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool," yet a fool of quality. Born into a competitive age, he was obliged to throw ephemeræ, compilations and notices of every kind into the welter of Grub-street literature. He did much, and nothing highly original, running up a vast debt to other authors that only time has discharged. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, says his epitaph; he borrowed and furbished. But among his beaver-like work some few pieces have quietly crystallised into perfect shape. True, as a creator of character he has many peers; the merest wraith of Beau Tibbs, of the Man in Black, or of Dr. Primrose rises from his pages. An Aesop-like moralist, he does not altogether reconcile us to human nature. Even so, Goldsmith has few equals as a stylist and a wit. With an extreme lucidity of mind he can whip up the heaviest raw stuff into a *soufflé*. Sometimes dull with excess of perfection, he combines a purity and consistence that are classical with a genial good-nature that makes him a friend. As Anatole France advised, he caressed his phrase until it smiled, and it has continued to smile, rather fixedly, on posterity.

PAUL DINNAGE

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DRINKING

The Earnest Drinker. By OSCAR MENDELSOHN. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.*

Here, at last, is a book which deals sensibly and factually with drinks and particularly with wine drinking. It contains none of the ecstatic phrases more often associated with the sensitive appreciation of art, which deaved quite experienced wine drinkers during fifteen years before the war, when we were asked to believe that the opening of a decent bottle was a kind of sacrament. The author is aided and abetted with an *amende honorable* by T. A. Layton, who eats many of his previous words on the subject without regretting the many memorable wines he drank in the Thirties:

> Some years ago instead of enjoying every page of this remarkably informative book I should have pronounced anathema upon it and gone my way and trodden the well-worn oenological paths of correct vintages, crystal glasses and all the usual mumbo-jumbo connected with pretentious wine drinking.

Mr. Mendelsohn states many facts long known to a large, but unfortunately diminishing, body of people who on relatively small incomes drank wine regularly in these islands in much the same way as it is drunk on the Continent—for instance, that France imported a great deal more wine than she exported. It was often a swig of straight Algerian or Algerian-blend which accompanied the *prix fixe!* Such information was either not known or disregarded by the elite, who were indeed vocal, and although they encouraged wine drinking in a small way did much, alas, to make it regarded as the privilege of the few. However, the converted sinners will find admirable texts in Mr. Mendelsohn's book from which to preach the true faith and they may yet be the missionaries who will encourage the common use of wine against the inroads of the gin cocktail.

This volume might not improperly be described as a short encyclopaedia dealing with nearly every aspect of drinks and drinking. It is divided into a score of chapters on the various categories of beverages from wines and beer through the various spirits and liqueurs to ciders, vermouths, etc. The author is an Australian scientist, whose technical knowledge is augmented by an uncommon appreciation and sense of values. He has a capacity for explaining involved chemical reactions and methods of wine-making, brewing and distilling, quite simply and in so doing curiously enough enhances the real romance and mystery of these age-old occupations. The temptation to quote is great, but one example must suffice, for this book should be read by everyone who is at all interested in drinks.

> When the yeast gets into dough destined to become bread, it starts its normal alcoholic path, producing alcohol and gas (in this case the gas being the important product needed to leaven the bread)—and a fresh loaf may contain up to about half per cent of alcohol. Consider the dreadful implications! I have yet to hear how the extreme-"antis" explain away bread as an "unnatural alcoholic product."

A comprehensive glossary of over sixty pages is not the least valuable chapter, containing as it does words and names difficult for the ordinary reader to track down. The one on "Alcoholic Fallacies" demolishes much bar-lore.

It may seem ungrateful to complain of aspects omitted or treated too briefly—one would have liked, for example, a chapter on excise duty in the U.K. and comments on the unintentional effects of Treasury policy; also the author's positive recommendations for compulsory descriptions on bottle labels. But then it would have been a different book—one perhaps the author may yet write. Both the scientist and the expert may professionally dismiss the present volume as being just "a short and simple account of alcoholic beverages" of about 250 pages, which is exactly what it is, and as such is welcome.

R. G. E. WILLISON

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The story has a legendary quality; and the explorer who played the part of Moses was Dr. Longstaff, who fifty-six years after he climbed his first big mountain, has published his first book. It begins in childhood, on the cliffs of North Devon; it ends in the mountains of Wester Ross, where he has made his home. In between it visits most of the great ranges of the world. It distils the experience of a lifetime—the feelings as well as the action—and it takes its place beside the

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As a boy, Tom Longstaff had determined to be a mountain explorer. His father was in a position to agree, but insisted that he should first qualify as a doctor. So he learnt medicine in term-time, went to the Alps in the holidays, and by the time he had taken his degree, was ready for the Caucasus (in 1903, with bandits plentiful) where his party climbed five new peaks. After that the way lay open to Garhwal, Tibet, Nepal, the great glaciers of the Karakorum, Everest in 1922 ("the home of devils, not of Gods"), the Hindu Kush, the Rockies, Spitzbergen and Greenland. His highest point was the 23,406-foot Trisul, which he climbed in 1907: "the top, and nothing less" Curzon, then Viceroy, had insisted. It remained for many years the highest summit reached by any man. But let no non-climber take alarm: here is no record of altitudes and times, no technicalities ("... Above the first pitch the angle eased to a chockstone with a thread belay; from there the second overhang went direct ..."), no jargon of "super-severe" or "sixth degree of difficulty," no brisk and heartless efficiency. It is a record of the total impression made on one man by the great mountains of the world; and because he is a man of unusually wide interests and alert perceptions, his response to this experience will be of interest far beyond the circle of mountaineers.

It is a many-sided response, for mountains to him are far more than rocks and ice. They also mean light and colour, birds and flowers, history, legend and humanity. He is spellbound by the unearthly beauty of the Garhwal hills after the Rains, but delighted too by the wall-creeper, "crimson and plum-coloured with half-open wings and fanned tail," which he found on the summit rocks of a Caucasian peak, by the scolding nutcrackers and white ouzel of the western borders of Nepal. He remembers the sheets of tiger-lilies in the Maritime Alps, the small white azaleas and tiny rhododendrons of Greenland, the wild roses of Garhwal, "more delicate than ours at home," the meadow at Badrinath waist-deep in iris, fritillaries, purple monkshood and forget-me-not. He has an immense interest in how people live, in the valleys of the Alps or the Caucasus, on the windy plateau of Tibet, on the fringe of the Greenland ice-cap—in the words they use, the crops they grow, the myths they live by. He wants to know about the other travellers—traders, soldiers, missionaries—who have preceded him along a caravan track or over a water-shed.

It is this humanity that he misses in the Rockies—though the range gave him the hardest climb of his life, on Mt. Assiniboine:

> The eyes and thoughts of men and the feet of pilgrims have imposed a patina upon the Himalaya such as the Western Mountains must for centuries await. Empty of this human element the Rockies and the Selkirks seem malignant and aloof. A man lost is apt to go mad . . . There is nothing more beautiful in any other mountain scene, but its menace is inescapable. The secret may lie in the density of the forests and their pathlessness: here is no reassurance of ancient tracks, no passes crossed by generations of caravans. The mountains of Europe and Asia recall gods and dryads and the long procession of man. These empty wilds are peopled only by our bare imagination, apt to primitive terror: there is no past except starvation.

Even in Greenland there was history, in the ruins of the old Icelandic settlements, in the roofless home of Eric the Red; and that astonishing spike, the Devil's Thumb, which Dr. Longstaff climbed in 1934, was the seamark of the old Dundee whalers. Each range is thus given its character and quality; and through his choice of adjective and incident, through the memory of his own moods and feelings, Dr. Longstaff has caught that counterpoint of similarities and differences that makes the fascination of mountain-travel. At one moment a flower, a birdsong, a towering snowy peak, links you to other ranges; then another flower, a valley-shape, the tilt of the rock-strata, stamps home the character of these particular mountains. The photographs help greatly in this characterisation, and the maps make it easy to become a fellow-traveller.

Although Dr. Longstaff has probably climbed more peaks in more ranges than any other man, he has never made climbing an end in itself. Talking of the siege tactics needed for the highest mountains of all, he observes that "owing to the horrible effects of high altitude, success is only to be obtained through endurance of the greatest physical discomfort and by such concentrated mental resolve that little spiritual energy remains for the pure enjoyment of living through such days." *This My Voyage* is a record of such pure enjoyment: the log-book of a traveller for whom mountains are not objects to be conquered, but presences to be understood and loved.

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BRITISH HISTORY

British Antiquity. By T. D. KENDRICK. *Methuen.* 21s.

The new Director of the British Museum has written a scholarly and agreeable essay on the changes in antiquarian thought and practice between the late fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. In itself a narrowly limited subject, it is yet a microcosm of one of the greatest in all European history: the impact of Renaissance on Medieval Man.

Mr. Kendrick has first to prepare for this encounter by giving some account of the ideas concerning our early history current in the Middle Ages—ideas which were very largely derived from a single source, the twelfth-century *Historia Regum Britanniae* of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey declared that his work was based on a lucky discovery, an ancient book in the British Language obtained for him in Brittany. This document, however, conveniently disappeared when he had finished with it and we may now never know whether it was wholly a fiction or whether the medieval author did in fact possess some scraps of earlier histories which he spun into his own highly imaginative narrative. It is impossible here to give a just impression of the riches of the *Historia* with its tales of Brutus, the dispossessed Trojan prince who was founding father and eponymous hero of Britain, and who numbered among a remarkable collection of descendants and other successors both King Lear and King Cole. The history reaches a climax of glory with King Arthur, who not only drives back the barbarian Saxons, but carves himself a great continental empire. The triumph of the Saxons after Arthur's death has to be admitted; the Britons survive only as the Welsh, but before their last great leader Cadwallader dies in exile he hears the prophecy that his people will come into their own and recover their lost kingdom.

Although from the first a few sceptical voices were raised against it, the book had an immense success and its heroes from Brutus to Cadwallader won a proud and strongly entrenched place in our national history. Indeed as it sailed through the Middle Ages, the British History picked up an assorted cargo of later legends, including Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury. Perhaps its progress was flagging a little, was even feeling the adverse currents of doubt, when suddenly a fresh wind filled its sails, giving it an impetus which was to carry it forward through two centuries. The accession of Henry Tudor fulfilled the prophecy made to Cadwallader: the British royal house had returned to its kingdom. Arms were devised for the Tudors which quartered Brutus, Arthur and other figures from the *Historia*, while Henry VII was very ready to christen his eldest son Arthur in honour of a glorious ancestor.

Yet in spite of this historical justification the British History could not escape the rising critical spirit of the age. Led by an Anglo-Italian, Polydore Vergil, the humanists with their objective outlook and knowledge of classical texts accused Geoffrey of Monmouth of "most impudent lyeing." At the same time the discovery of American Indians suggested the possibility that the ancient Britons might have been very unlike the decorous and handsomely dressed Trojans of tradition.

Such attacks very properly provoked a vigorous and patriotic defence of the British History. Leland, himself a pioneer of the new factual antiquarianism, was nevertheless passionately loyal to the national tradition, while his friend Bale even counter-attacked with a pre-Trojan history in which the descent of Albion King of Britain is traced through Neptune and Osiris directly to Ham. Defenders of the medieval beliefs came forward throughout the seventeenth century, but gradually their force diminished until it died away in embarrassment, ridicule and silence. The rising and inevitably successful Renaissance party is perfectly represented by the great Tudor antiquary, Camden; though a less lovable person than Leland and an inferior observer, he possessed the new objectivity, and the studied detachment with which in his *Britannia* he pronounced the British History incredible proved far more damning than any vindictive criticism.

Such is Mr. Kendrick's story, carefully and lovingly told. He is not of a temper to be aggressively confident of the rightness of the "scientific" victory, or lacking in sympathy with the vanquished medieval thinkers who were too little interested in the truth of "facts" but who did unconsciously understand the creative myths more important to the strength of a young nation.

The story has a sequel which Mr. Kendrick himself could hardly tell but which should be known to all his readers. As so often happens, scepticism went too far in its total annihilation of Arthurian tradition. Now that the dust of iconoclasm has settled, Mr. Kendrick has done more than anybody else to pick up the broken fragments of King Arthur and to fit them together into a figure greatly diminished in size but fit to claim a modest place among national heroes.

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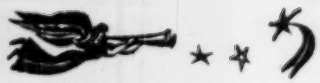

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Books in General

THE iron curtains which curtsey to us nightly at the behest of the Lord Chamberlain are symbols of confusion and clash of thought less ugly but, in their own world, no less complete than the grim metaphor which is their namesake. By textbook and handbook, by treatise and reminiscence, by dicta and dogma we go on trying to sort the thing out, but we should confess that our general understanding of the actor's art or craft (which do *you* call it?) remains largely a matter of mystique. Even so astute a practitioner as Jouvet can admit to being impressed by the mysterious mathematics of the theatre. Why, he asks, should a successful play, drawing ten thousand people for ten performances, draw approximately one thousand only each night? Why do not four thousand people besiege the box-office on any one night? No doubt you can answer that, but can you say why one member of an audience can so affect spectators near him that unless or until he is won over by the play their sympathies are not fully engaged? Why can one small-part actor, bodily present on the stage but with his thoughts elsewhere, rob a scene of its full effect, nullify it even, when to all appearances he is "acting"? Jouvet tells us that in both cases the "magnetic field" is disturbed, and most actors would swallow that term since it lends a kind of dignity to phenomena with which we are all too well acquainted and all too unable to explain.

The dicta of great actors, like those of other men, have to be interpreted in the light of their personalities and times. They range from the profound to the superficial, and are scarcely less sensible or more silly than the pronouncements of other public figures. It is when you come to put them into practice that the trouble begins. Irving's "Speak clearly! Speak clearly and be human" makes good sense but unfortunately everyone imagines he is speaking clearly enough and to be told to speak still more clearly produces artificiality, and at once we seem to be less "human." Salvini's requirements for the tragic actor "Voice, voice and then—more voice," coming from the greatest Othello, might suggest that every tragic actor should be able to roar like a bull. What he meant was that within the limits of a big voice there should be another voice and then still other voices. Bull-like voices tend to go with bull-like figures, and we remember that there have been great actors of insignificant physique and very limited vocal range, and then where are we? "You must always think of your pleasure. It is up to you to be demanding, severe, a person of taste." It is Sarah Bernhardt talking to the students of the Conservatoire. Unamiable sentiments, excellent advice; but . . . for students? "We only really begin to act," I have heard our greatest native actress say, "when we leave off trying." But some have to try much longer than others and the moment to leave off dictates itself, cannot be chosen.

With what relief do actors turn to the only half-humorous sayings of the tried and trusty "pro." "Whenever an actress tells me she can't quite 'feel' something," the actor-author-producer told me, "I tell her: 'Learn your words, dear, and you'll "feel" it all right.'" He had been probing me about Stanislavski, whose *My Life in Art* I had thoughtlessly left lying about my dressing room. "Wasn't that that little Russian company," he asked, "who went away to the country to rehearse for two years, and then weren't ready to open?" I have never met any actor who does not glow with pleasure, as I do, at the reply of the actress to the producer who told her during rehearsals: "That's very good, it's coming nicely." "What do you mean, 'coming'? This is *IT*!" How endearing is the simplicity of Réjane's answer to one who asked her how she always managed to cry real tears on the stage: "*C'est mon métier!*" Joseph Jefferson's comment on the great Coquelin controversy ("Should an Actor feel?") could hardly be more charmingly and lucidly phrased: "For myself, I know that I act best when my head is cool and my heart warm." But how does an actor put that into practice? What, too, does an actor gain from the words of the greatest actor-dramatist of them all? I have had occasion recently to notice that all the First Player says in reply to Hamlet's advice on acting is "I warrant your Honour" and "I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us." ("Indifferently," forsooth!) It is easy to say that in the torrent, tempest and whirlwind of passion should be acquired and begot a temperance to give it smoothness, but how is it done? How certain can you be that "your own discretion" is a good tutor? The "advice to the players" is, I think, a piece of "pure theatre", like the "Rogue and Peasant-slave" soliloquy which starts with Hamlet sharing Polonius's amazement that a man should weep in a fiction and dream of passion, and goes on to show him unpack his heart with words and fall a'cursing, screaming in frustrated passion. It is Diderot's paradox dramatised. It is a conjuring trick raised to a work of art and like a conjuring trick it tells us nothing. For practical information we might as well turn to the causeries of some forgotten actor.

The first thing to be said about Stanislavski's writings is that he attempted and succeeded in putting on paper something far more important than a causerie. In his book of reminiscences, *My Life in Art*, he says: "All these works [the handbooks, etc.] are valuable and necessary, but not for the actual, practical life of the theatre, for they are silent on how to reach certain results, on what is necessary to do firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so forth, with a beginner, or what is to be done with an experienced and spoiled actor. . . . There is no practical textbook." He set about supplying one and in *An Actor Prepares* he wrote the textbook which is all most of us know of what came to be called the Stanislavski system. It is significant that he, like Shakespeare, chose to dramatise his advice. Set in an imaginary school, with an imaginary director—whom the author was at pains to point out was not himself—the book tells us one thing: how to set about finding that special condition, that "creative mood" on which all creativeness on the stage depends, and having found it, how to find it again and again.

To the taste of many actors, much of the book is painfully obvious and boring, but of this the author was strictly aware, and he repeatedly made clear that all he was saying was something which the best actors either sense intuitively or take for granted. But boring or not as parts of it may be, its sum effect is sensational; it has been known to act as a strong stimulant, a violent emetic or a drug which renders the patient drowsy for years on end. Of these conditions the last is the most common and the most dangerous. Like all powerful drugs the book should be labelled: "Only to be taken under medical supervision." Read avidly by those starved of other inspiration, it has been swallowed whole with some disastrous results. Its whole tendency, which is to lead, by careful, painful steps, to "the threshold of the subconscious," has tumbled numbers into the pit of the subjective.

It is sad but perhaps not surprising that these unfortunates, more often than not, should be among our most sensitive beginners. But there they are—I would guess hundreds of them—eating their hearts out because they have not learnt how to share them, having started at the wrong end, believing that if they "live" their parts for themselves they can persuade an audience to live them too. Their plight, and that of some few others who have travelled farther along the road with Stanislavski, is currently made outrageously amusing by Orson Welles in his preface to a new book by Kenneth Tynan: *He that Plays the King*. But Mr. Welles, professing that he wishes to be fair, tries to have it both ways. Having stated that he found Stanislavski's theatre "glowing with genius," he goes on: "With all his extraordinary forces and vivid inspiration Constantin Stanislavski remained a rich dilettante, a genius without talent, an inspired amateur." In quoting so briefly from Mr. Welles's brief preface I am less unfair than he is to Stanislavski. That Stanislavski was rich and was so able to get the Moscow Art Theatre started was as much a happy accident as Lorenzo de Medici was to Michelangelo. To have "genius without talent" I take to be the way to leave great and magnificent things undone. The fact that they were done, under Stanislavski, dismisses "dilettante" and "amateur." The passage is typical of the violent and muddled thinking which is the effect of Stanislavski on nearly all who did not work with him.

And also on some who did. Mr. Boleslavsky's book* is, to my mind, a tedious, brief rondo of mystique beginning and ending with the theme that the actor's art cannot be taught. It has been constantly reprinted since 1934 in America. The English edition contains a short preface by Alec Guinness who takes the occasion to remind us of the old saying that "it takes twenty years to make an actor." I think Stanislavski would have approved of that.

When he died he left behind him, it seems, some 12,000 manuscripts. Only rough notes

* *Acting, the First Six Lessons*. By Richard Boleslavsky. *Dobson*. 6s.
† *Creating a Character*. By Constantin Stanislavski. *Reinhardt & Evans*. 15s.
‡ *Stanislavsky on the Art of the Stage*. Intro. and trans. by David Magarshack. *Faber*. 25s.

and fragments remain of his third and fourth books, one of which was *Creating a Character*,† now very handsomely published in England in an American translation. It reads like a conjectural synthesis of those notes and fragments. If so, it has been skilfully done, though I take leave to doubt whether it is safe to read it unless inoculated by the earlier book.

Mr. Magarschack's volume‡ consists of some 70 over-crammed pages of introduction to the great man and, under the odd title of *System and Methods of Creative Art*, a series of discourses given by him over five years in a theatre "studio." These were unprepared and were taken down in shorthand by one of the actors. In print, their general effect, unsurprisingly, is fugitive, and yet—how full of good things they are! Only a man who had devoted his whole life to his art, with his thought, his feeling, with genius and—most notably—with unending patience, could extemporise at such length with such force.

Is this book "safe" reading for our students and beginners? If not, it is not Stanislavski's fault. His way, as always, is as plastered with warnings as perilous with pitfalls. The advantage of his way is that the careful traveller should be able to find his way out of the pitfalls. He wrote for the student whose aim was to be an artist as well as an actor, for the actor who could not be an actor unless he was an artist, who was prepared to go on learning all his life. And to such a one he also said: "Do not forget that you are on the earth, and of the earth; never above it."

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

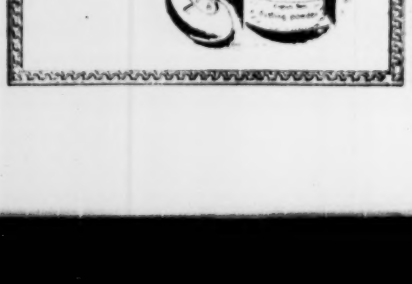
EDUCATION OF A CLOUD

You saw them, Sabina? Did you see them?
Yet the education of this little cloud
Full of neglect, allowed remissly so to lie
Unbrushed in some forgotten corner
Of a Monday afternoon-in-Autumn sky!

The rest abandoned it in passing over,
The swollen red-eyed country ones,
Unbarbered, marching on some Friday-the-thirteenth,
They knew this was not of the savage
Winter company, this tuftet for a tired cherub.

A dear belonging of the vernal age, say
Spring—provinces of the harmless nightingale,
Say love, the ministry of all distresses,
Say youth, Sabina, let us call it youth—
All the white capes of fancy seen afar.

LAWRENCE DURRELL



A PRODIGAL FATHER

Pembroke Papers, 1780-1794. Edited by LORD HERBERT. *Cape.* 25*s.*

In 1933 Lord Herbert opened a trap-door in the floor of the estate office at Wilton and discovered a cellar full of family papers dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. A selection from some of the eighteenth-century letters and diaries among them, entitled *Henry, Elizabeth and George* and dealing with the lives of the tenth Lord Pembroke and his family, was published in 1939; and it was then anticipated that a second volume continuing the story to 1794, the year of Henry's death, would follow in 1942. The book was delayed, however, and here it now is.

Most of the letters in this volume consist of the correspondence between Lord Pembroke and his son. Of these a great number, especially of Lord Herbert's, relate to such matters as rents and leases, the family finances, the purchase of Commissions and disposal of livings, bad servants, sick horses etc., etc., and consequently present a formidable obstacle to pleasure; for though Lord Pembroke could generally inject gaiety into the dullest subject, if necessary by breaking into French, his son could not. Yet the correspondence has an interest that helps us to endure its partial dullness. Read as a whole it provides an amusing and rather touching picture of an unusual relationship: on the one hand a solemn humourless but respectful son being exasperated to the point of discourtesy by the irresponsibility of his prodigal father; on the other hand an extremely affectionate father evading, with charming wit and forbearance, the steady nagging of his son. When Lord Herbert, for example, wrote Lord Pembroke a stiff letter reproving him for having hung in his room at Wilton, where Lady Pembroke could see it, a print of a Parisian dancer known by everyone to have been his mistress, Lord Pembroke lightly replied:

> The same bustle, more or less, was made, I remember, about almost every print in those rooms, though, in good truth, they were put there as professional ones; for, *quoique j'avais eû l'avantage de repasser* some of the originals, I bought them merely as professional and pendant to others . . . . and ye must allow that if ye had unmolested in your room, the print of any person whom ye afterwards had been more intimate with, it would be ridiculously marking the trifling event by removing such prints every time such a thing happened to ye.

Lord Pembroke was one of those characters attractive to read about, who have a small conscience, a huge appetite, and a genius for reconciling the two principles of pleasure and reality. His chief passions were horses and women, and he was a recognised expert on both. Readers of the first volume will remember how, soon after his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Spencer, he eloped to Holland with a Miss Kitty Hunter and had by her a son whom he named, anagrammatically, Augustus Retnuh Reebkomp; and how, though he subsequently returned to his wife, repentance sat on him so lightly that not long afterwards he acquired a natural daughter as well. In the last fourteen years of his life he seems not to have altered his ways, but only to have been more careful.

The other letters in this volume serve to fill out the family story and provide a background to it. Lord Pembroke writes racily to his political friend, Lord Carmarthen, with the latest scurrilities about the members of Lord North's administration; Queen Charlotte sends honeyed words and religious consolation to Lady Pembroke; Lord Herbert keeps up with Major Floyd and the Reverend Coxe, the companions of his Grand Tour, and they, in return, make use of this powerful contact man. The present Lord Herbert, in selecting all these letters, has shown more tolerance towards dull matter than others might have done whose interest in the Pembroke family was less special. He has also inherited his namesake's starchy attitude towards the tenth Lord Pembroke, so that the brief introductions with which he prefaces each year's correspondence are often marred by his partisanship. But these are the only two criticisms of his editing that we have to make. Without his initial curiosity and subsequent labour eighteenth-century annals would be much the poorer.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

THE CORRUPTION OF POWER

Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State. By ALEX COMFORT. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Reading this book is like opening a chestnut burr, there is no avoiding the quick little stabs as one fingers Dr. Comfort's ideas, his dogma or his prejudices. To those weary of the news that all power corrupts, it is a pleasant change to be told that conversely only the more or less corrupt reach out for power. Here is a tract for the times on the sacred duty of rebellion against the Lords of Creation and the duty does not cease, we understand, because these same Lords have been elected by universal suffrage. Delinquent types will seek, and may gain, power not only by violence but by exhibitionism or false pretences.

Dr. Comfort confesses that the law of libel prevents him from verifying his hypotheses about the criminology of power, because thereby the delinquent in Cabinet or Legislature, unlike the delinquent in prison, is safe from intrusive, individual observation by psychiatrists and sociologists. It is any reader's game to suggest cases which might have illustrated Dr. Comfort's thesis if they were not perforce relegated to the background, figures flitting by in ghostly garments of anonymity. Libel or no libel, it is not possible to make any truly scientific study of delinquents in power. Alive or dead they are beyond the reach of the practitioner, but if they were not, what practitioner could approach their cases with genuine detachment?

Distrust of the massive power wielded by the highly centralised Governments is easily understood by people to-day and to this extent Dr. Comfort's tract is for these present times. But his distrust is the philosophic anarchist's not the political individualist's and his trust or hope lies in sociology plus more than a touch of psychiatry. The most interesting part of his book is that in which he puts forward a partial solution to the problem of power. This rests on a gradual change of attitude on the part of large numbers of individuals, not on political action nor on the barricades. "Militant political tyrannies" are made possible by "the desire for a continuance of the external, parental conscience into adult life" and "obedience in modern societies is often a hideous vice." "If society fails to fit the known requirements of man we can modify it only in one direction, towards increased control over ourselves and our own environment." To this end he advocates a "determined attempt to make modern ideas" (i.e., about human social psychology) "felt among educating groups—teachers, lecturers, students, town planners, writers . . . even institutional politicians." With this he wants to see experiments in communal living (here he notes that more of these have been made in the treatment of delinquency than in ordinary daily life), the break up of great city conglomerates and "propaganda to introduce sociality into the place where character formation takes place, the family and the school," and more lastly individual psychiatry.

The thing he fears most is the possibility that more and more groups of scientists, including perhaps psychiatrists and sociologists may be sucked into the maelstrom of power and enforcement and lose their responsibility. It is to the independence of small groups not to world government that he looks for salvation—"Who is to repress the world authority when it too falls into the wrong hands?"

The crux of the matter lies in England now. Which are the right hands and which the wrong? What attitudes are right and which wrong? Quite clearly Dr. Comfort has assured answers to these questions. In the "human activities of love and home-making" he sees an "incentive

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mechanism as powerful as the supernatural view of life" and the "life-centred cultural elements" are, in his closing words, "the impulse of love and spontaneity."

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CICELY M. CRAVEN

NEW NOVELS

A Woman of Means. By PETER TAYLOR. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Lighted Cities. By ERNEST FROST. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Scarlet Sword. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Reprisal. By ARTHUR GORDON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Just after the war when publishers were looking around benevolently for the merest suspicion of an author to encourage, there was one phrase which the wily author needed to have pat. After the fantastic lunch, the huge cigars, the sympathetic discussion of the difficulties facing an author trying to make both ends meet, there would be the slightest possible pause and through the cigar smoke would come the kindly smiling question: "And this . . . this book you have in mind . . . what sort of thing do you think it might be about?" "Well, it's very difficult to say exactly, but . . . well, personal relationships, really and . . ." Enough, dear boy, enough. Waiter, two more double brandies. The contract is as good as signed.

We live now in sadder times when the books actually have to be written, but the label "personal relationships" still attaches itself a little awkwardly and ostentatiously to the better sort of novel, like Mr. Taylor's or Mr. Frost's. What is awkward, and what one slightly resents is that it should be necessary for an author to pick up the subject quite so clinically, and dangle it in front of us, when it is a subject which should be implicit in any book worth writing. Perhaps the depersonalisation of modern society, the necessity of drawing exaggerated attention to any personal values at all in contemporary life, has made this implicitness difficult to achieve. But one does long for a natural synthesis of personal relationships with plot and setting, and for the book's very virtue not to become, absurdly, an impediment, as is the case in different ways with *A Woman of Means* and *The Lighted Cities*.

A Woman of Means is concerned with a young American boy's relationship with his amiable, slightly hopeless, business executive father, and with the rich loving woman who becomes his stepmother. It is told by the boy, in the first person, with such authenticity and lack of affectation that one suspects—perhaps wrongly, and anyway, why not?—autobiography. In a haphazard, backward- and forward-looking anecdotal sort of way, Mr. Taylor slowly and sensitively builds up a picture of a rich but eccentric St. Louis household in the early Twenties. The boy's mother has died at birth. He follows his father around as he climbs the ladder of business success and then learns, in a memorable scene in an empty boardroom, of the impending marriage with the "woman of means." (One of Mr. Taylor's most impressive achievements is the conveying of a child's isolation in the face of adult relationships simultaneously with his awareness of the intensity of his own relationships.) It is a pleasure to find that for once a mixture of families (the woman of means has two silly daughters) does not lead to conventional conflict. The father gets on well with his stepdaughters; the stepmother dotes (from the first perhaps dangerously) on her son. Small details of life at home, at school, in the business world, lull one into pleasurable anticipation. So far, so good. It is all very sensitively done: the characterisation of the father is brilliant: and Mr. Taylor's prose has a remarkable purity. (When American writing is as good as this, an American flavour actually seems an advantage to the English language.)

But there is a static quality about the book which makes one almost impatient with its merits. What right has Mr. Taylor, one asks oneself, to be so good at drawing people, and at probing deep into the secrets of their relationships, without doing more with them? Why aren't these small, kindly anecdotes, so delightfully told, collected more carefully into a mounting tension? They lie like pins spilt out of a box on to the floor, and one waits for the small but subtle magnet, which must surely be at work, to draw them together. But something has gone wrong. Either the magnet is not powerful enough or else it is being held too far away. When a development does take place—the tragic development towards which the book has presumably been moving all the time—it seems a little awkward and superimposed. One constantly wants *A Woman of Means* to be a sort of American *Olivia*, but it will not get under way.

There is development in *The Lighted Cities* and it is competently contrived, for Mr. Frost is, almost too self-consciously, professional. The book is set in post-war London, and it must be said at once that of all the attempts by young writers since the war to get that tattered and jaded, yet strangely affecting, old butterfly into the net, this is the most determined and ambitious. Not that it is wholly successful, because to catch the atmosphere of a place and a time effectively one must, of course, have more than local strength. Mr. Frost is first-class at conveying the feel of contemporary London in its squares and streets—that strange sensation of emotional tension and secret beauty in the hideous every-day. It is when he goes inside the houses that he is less good. There he shows us a number of contemporary Londoners hard at work on the full-time job of dealing with their emotional lives. But, in this case too, something has gone wrong. Mr. Frost's fault is over-clinical treatment of emotional problems so that they shrink and dry. It is dried blood that runs in the veins of Alexander Rainham, the elderly musician now sliding down the slope of poverty and failure towards death; of Arthur Godwin, the young musician with whom he has become emotionally obsessed, but who rejects him for Andreas Amanis, a sterile, sadistic London University don; dried blood in the veins of his handsome sensitive middle-aged wife. Only in the young man back from the wars who has an affair with the wife is there a little sensible warm motion. However, though he is too fond of his laboratory and would be improved by more field work, Mr. Frost is a writer of talent. He knows that personal relationships are more than just a matter of human being and human being, that they feed on the beauty and apparent triviality of the outside world. He knows that the flash of a passing 'bus in a junk shop's mirror, or the pattern of light and shade in a Bloomsbury Square, can become for a moment as important as the loved one's kiss. He has also a natural ear for funny incidental dialogue (that of a porter, a housekeeper, a man on a pavement). His front-line dialogue is, however, occasionally too slick and tight and reminds one again that the windows of the laboratory need opening.

The Scarlet Sword and *Reprisal* are both extravert books, concerned with intimate human relationships only as conventional phenomena. *The Scarlet Sword* is about a mixed collection of Europeans and Hindus, marooned and over-run by Pathans in a Catholic Mission in Kashmir in 1947. There are a number of stock characters—the fat, fumbling yet heroic priest, the war correspondent, the Anglo-Indian women, the tough little nurse with the heart of gold from the slums of Glasgow, the Hindu prostitute—and all are

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joined together with consummate Times Furnishing Co. carpentry by Mr. Bates. There is a great deal of rape, and shooting and smashing of rifle-butts into backs and oil-lamps into faces, but the smell is neither of blood nor sweat nor cordite, but of the ink in Mr. Bates's pen. The scenery alone is real, reminding us that Mr. Bates has written more valuable books than this.

Reprisal has much more sincere feeling in it. It is a sober straightforward account of a Negro's attempt at revenge on a bunch of animal arrogant Southerners who raped and lynched his wife. Its moral is the obvious but never too often repeated one that violence only breeds more violence and that it is not a Coloured problem but a White problem that the Americans have in the South.

ROBERT KEE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,084

Set by Janet Adam Smith

Competitors are invited to compose an alphabetical alliterative poem on the lines of "An Austrian Army awfully arrayed," but with a more reasonable laxity in alliteration: not every word need conform. *Ex-* will be accepted instead of X. Entries by December 12th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,081

Set by Arachne MacLeod

Proposals to hold a Sherlock Holmes Exhibition as part of Marylebone's celebrations for the Festival of Britain have produced a great many letters to the *Times* from characters in the Holmes stories. But there has been no word direct from Holmes himself. The usual prizes are offered for the opening 250 words of a new Holmes story entitled: "The Case of the Missing Detective."

Report by Arachne MacLeod

A refresher course of the master's works was, after all, of little help in judging: the entries that kept most faithfully to the style of the original had no room to deploy the plot, and were less lively than those which tried to distil the essence of a Holmes situation, by speeding up the tempo. In passing, many curious titbits were offered about the recent history of the protagonists. Watson has gone through several wives, Holmes may be rearing Colorado beetles in Rutland, Moriarty makes a brief appearance disguised as Holmes, and J. G. H. advances the awful theory that Moriarty *is* Holmes. Partiality makes me award two guineas to Derek Barnard for so ingeniously unmasking the setter, and to Fergie; a guinea each to R. J. P. Hewison and F. E. C. Shearne. L. E. J.'s outrageous entry, which does not even keep to the title, deserves a caution, while Colin Shaw, Esme Kelly, Philippe Mantoux get honourable mention.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING DETECTIVE

It was Armistice Day, 1950, that Holmes first drew my attention to the curious paragraph in the NEW STATESMAN that was to have such world-shaking consequences: "Proposals to hold a Sherlock Holmes Exhibition . . . no word direct from Holmes himself. . . ."

"But you wrote three times last week," said I.

"Exactly," replied Holmes. "Therefore, I infer that someone at the *Times* office thinks it desirable if I were temporarily presumed missing. This paragraph in the guise of a competition, is obviously a warning from their friends at Great Turnstile. Tell me, Watson, what do you make of that cryptic line at the top of the paragraph?"

"Why, nothing," I confessed.

"An obviously fictitious name, possibly an anagram. Of course, that's it!" He hastily scribbled something in the margin. "'Set by Arachne MacLeod'—*H Atom base encycled. A!*"

"But who is A," I ventured to ask, "and why does he spell 'encircled' with a Y?"

"That," said Holmes, snatching up his violin and deer-stalker cap, "may well turn out to be the most fiendish part of it all. Quick, Watson, there's no time to lose! We have just time to catch the 10.15 to Sheffield."

DEREK BARNARD

For the greater part of his most remarkable adventure, my friend's whereabouts were a mystery even to himself. The public knew that an atom scientist had disappeared. I knew that Holmes also had gone off, taking no luggage and leaving no address. It was many months before he returned. I must now try to give a coherent account of the events which gave rise to those curious and apparently unrelated phenomena which confused the world during his long absence; the brief appearance of a cloaked figure on top of the Dome of Discovery; the empty pipe found at Harwell; the so-called whale in the Solent; the queer affair of the Washington Postman; the loss of New York's only hansom, and its recovery from the depths of Lake Success; the violin obbligato in the Premier's broadcast; the stranger in MacArthur's uniform; the riots in dockland, the sailor in the Vatican, and the hourly cabinet meetings of Black Weekend; the banning of the *Manchester Guardian* by the Government and vice versa; the moujik in the deerstalker cap, the blinding flash in the Urals, and the climax—the Kremlin offer which by averting the Third World War automatically began the Fourth.

FERGIE

"Where is Sherlock Holmes?"

The question, delivered with a becoming mixture of agitation and diffidence by a heavily veiled but obviously young and attractive woman, disturbed the calm of the untidy Baker Street consulting-room, where on a couch with an unpublished monograph (on 100 unexplained disappearances, as it happened) I awaited its celebrated author.

"The very question, madam," I replied, "I was asking myself. Meanwhile, I am John Watson, M.D., his associate, and very much at your service."

She was scarcely seated when a flurried knock heralded another visitor—a slight, foxy individual whose clerical attire appeared to fit his character as ill as his form.

"Where is Sherlock Holmes?" he breathed.

"Well, Lestrade," I commenced.

"How on earth——"

"You know our methods——"

A resounding double knock below was closely followed by the unceremonious incursion of a stout party in pepper and salt trousers and black cutaway.

"Where is Sherlock Holmes?" he ejaculated.

"Evidently not in the City," I riposted, eyeing his glossy hat and heavy gold watch-protector. He brushed this aside with an impatient gesture, and I perforce admitted ignorance.

Despite my sang-froid I was growing anxious. Well I know those prostrating bouts of ennui, and those peril-fraught expeditions. This was different—how unique, nay bizarre, I had yet to learn. The telegram had bidden me come at three. Now the lamp illuminated a whatnot whereon lay a half-smoked meerschaum whose heavy fumes yet pervaded the curtains behind which rain slashed the windows. Where *was* Sherlock Holmes? R. J. P. HEWISON

It was a fogbound October morning in 195- and I was waiting for breakfast in the Old Baker Street rooms, although they are now called service flatlets. I had returned to them after the death of one of my last wives. Suddenly Mrs. Hudson peered round the door.

"A gentleman to see you. Arthritis, if you ask me," she added officiously.

My old wound gave a sharp twinge but my deductive faculties trained by Holmes sprang into action. I remembered noting some strange garments—a deer-stalker and a loud tweed ulster on the old hall stand. A friend of Mrs. Hudson I thought at first. Had he spent the night at 221B? . . . I had thrust that suspicion aside. . . . Now it was clear to me. It was a patient.

"Show him in," I said, "and bring another plate. He can share this repulsive latter day cereal."

I cannot describe my immeasurable astonishment when my old friend, Sherlock Holmes in person, tottered in. "Good G——!" I shrieked, "Whence have you sprung after your long silence?"

"Quieter," Holmes whispered. "Did you not observe the deaf aid in my Biro? I've been around, neither silent nor invisible," he snorted contemptuously. "It was elementary—my mastery of disguise—Hollywood! For the last eighteen years I have been Three of the Four Marx Brothers."

"Who then, in the name of the Almighty, is the Fourth," I cried.

"It is a name," Holmes whispered, "so eminent in the Government that I dare not disclose it even to you. It might spell ruin to Britain's policy of Full Employment!"

"What's afoot?" I inquired eagerly.

"By St. Michael, you've hit it, Watson," cried the astonished Holmes, "that's him!"

My belief in the superiority of the old-fashioned ear trumpet was thus abundantly confirmed. . . .

F. E. C. SHEARNE

"I am afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down to breakfast one morning in his country retreat.

"Go? Where to?"

"To Oxford." He tossed a letter across to me. "What do you make of this?"

"It appears that the *Times* is inviting you to contribute to a correspondence about a Baker St. Exhibition."

"Excellent!" said Holmes. "Fifty years ago you would not have said 'appears.'"

"But why Oxford?"

"You omitted to notice that the letter, instead of being dated, is superscribed: 'The Feast of St. Simon Stylites.' 'Printing House Square' is typed, not engraved; and 'House' is mis-spelt 'Louse.' Incidentally, all the 'e's' appear as 'o's.'" Further, it bears the Oxford post-mark."

"The old Holmes!" I exclaimed.

Three hours later we were in the cosy study of Monsignor Ronald Knox who, in spite of some excellent jokes about the weather, seemed nervous.

"Dear me," said Holmes suddenly, "I have forgotten an important note, which cannot wait. May I use your typewriter, Father?"

Our host turned deadly pale. "Certainly," he said, and moved towards a small table upon which the instrument rested. There was a crash, and the machine fell in pieces.

"Oh dear!" said the Monsignor, turning round, and again "Oh dear!" as he saw Holmes, his face convulsed, fall in a fit.

"Quick, Father, an aspirin!" I cried.

As he hurried out, Holmes sprang up and fell upon his knees by the broken machine.

"As I thought, Watson. No letter 'e'; two letter 'o's!'"

L. E. J.

CHESS: British Studies Wanted?

No. 61

What is the difference between a problem and a study? To say that they compare like a poem and a story may be an over-simplification; yet it is quite true that the problem expresses the author's theme with "poetic licence," while the study is more closely related to the realities of the game. Here, indeed, is one of their border-lines, and while both should be æsthetically pleasing as well as instructive, the study might be more directly beneficial for the practical player. This is one of the reasons why I have been favouring studies for our competitions (a policy evidently approved of, if my correspondence truly reflects readers' majority opinion). One of our Swedish competitors, Fritioff Selander, wonders why British chess literature, so rich in great problems, has neglected the fertile field of study composition. He wants us to encourage British study composers. An excellent suggestion. Here, then, is the offer of a 3 guineas chessbook-token for the best and 2 guineas for the next-best study to reach this office from a British composer. So as to give our antipodal competitors a better chance, let the closing date be January 15th. A guinea for each non-prizewinning entry published.

Studies, just like stories, may well be inspired by real life. Here is a case in point, a position which the noted study composer B. Gaerths had to face in a "skittle." Being a R down and with his K chased all over the board he would have resigned, had Black made the obvious move R-Q7. But when his opponent, timidly, played R-Kt3, Gaerths saved the game by Q-Kt4. Being now threatened by three mates, Black had to seek a draw by perpetual check.

It was this experience that inspired Gaerths to compose this neat little study. White to move and draw. The obvious Q-R6 is defeated by KtxP; Q-Kt3 is, more subtly, countered by BxP ch, followed by B-Kt5. The key-move (just like in the game) is Q-Kt4. The B check is now countered by K-B8. The Q, of course, is taboo, and if Black plays Kt-Q1, White forces the draw by Q-Kt7 ch.

For this week's competition it would seem to be inconsistent not to offer one problem and at least two studies. Here—**A**—is the problem, a fairly old and none too difficult two-mover. I picked it because each of its five variations must be a joy for the purist. **B**—White to move and win—is not very difficult either. I chose it because it is one of those studies particularly instructive for the practical player. Berthold Lasker, incidentally, was a brother of the great Emanuel. As for **C**—White to move and win—this is a more modern study, and it is by no means as easy as it looks.

A: F. Schindler, 1895

B: Berthold Lasker

C: E. Hufendick, 1938

Usual prizes. Entries by December 11th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 11.

A: (1) K-R6, B-K4, (2) K-Kt7, B-R7, (3) P-B4, PxP, (4) P-K5 BxP, (5) PxP, B-R7, (6) P-B5, PxP, (7) Q-QB6 ch, etc.

B: (1) PxRP, B-B2 ch, (2) K-R7, BxP, (3) P-K6, B-B2, (4) QxB ch, RxQ, (5) K-Kt8, R-B1 ch, (6) K-Kt7, R-R1, (7) KxR, K-B1, (8) K-R7, etc.

These two, though perhaps "relatively" easy when compared with Grigoriev's back-breaking P-ending, proved rather more difficult than I expected. No one got both completely right. The most "near-correct" solutions came from J. R. Harman, B. & S. Sarkar, F. A. Rhoden. They share the prizes.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. Applications are invited for appointment as Reader in Law. Salary range, £A1,050 × £A25—£A1,200. No field of special interest is specified, but it would be convenient if the field were Constitutional Law. General conditions of appointment, together with information as to the method of application, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Law School Appointments. Vacancies exist in the Law School of the University of Western Australia for two appointments, which will be Lectureships or Senior Lectureships according to the experience and qualifications of the successful applicants. The salary range for Lecturers is £650 × £25—£725 × £50—£875 (Aust.). The salary range for Senior Lecturers is £800 × £25—£850 × £50—£1,000 (Aust.). The salaries in both ranges are subject to the addition of a present cost of living allowance of £20 (Aust.). Appointments to either position may, according to qualifications and experience, be made at any salary within the respective ranges. The University, however, reserves the right to appoint by invitation, and to make no appointments if it considers none of the applicants to be suitable. Each position will be superannuated under a system similar to the F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is December 30, 1950.

ROYAL Air Force, Education Branch. Short Service Commissions. Duration 3, 4 or 5 years. Applications invited from candidates who are university graduates or qualified teachers. Physics, mathematics and engineering are the main subjects required. Pay on appointment depends on qualifications, experience and war service. Thus, a man aged 25 may receive pay up to £529 a year and, if married, marriage allowance of £117. Single officers receive free furnished accommodation. All officers draw rations in kind or a tax-free allowance of £60 a year. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with suitable degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Permanent Commissions. A few Permanent Commissions may be offered to men aged 23-33. Candidates should ordinarily be first or second class honours graduates in physics, mathematics or engineering (mechanical, electrical, aeronautical, electronic or radio). Pay and allowances as for short service commissions. There is time promotion to Squadron Leader, in which rank pay and allowances can rise to £1,232 a year (plus rations or ration allowance). Promotion beyond Squadron Leader is by selection. Retired pay varies with rank (e.g., £475 a year for Squadron Leader, £625 for Wing Commander, £825 for Group Captain, etc.). Women's Royal Air Force. Vacancies exist for Education Officers on Permanent and Short Service Commissions. Qualifications and conditions as for men except that pay rates are about three-quarters and retired pay rates about two-thirds of those for men. Free furnished accommodation and rations are provided. Full details and application forms for all the above appointments from Air Ministry, A.R.1, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Talks Producers, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. Duties of the posts will involve making contacts, collecting visual material, arranging and/or writing scripts, and producing programmes. Candidates should have wide interests and a strong visual sense. Experience in the fields of radio, journalism and films would be an advantage. One of the Producers will be required to organize and produce programmes on the visual arts and another will be concerned with programmes on scientific and medical subjects. There are vacancies on two grades with starting salary of £745 and £925 per annum (may be higher in each case if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 and £1,195 per annum, maximum, respectively. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Talks Television, N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Education Officer in the Metropolitan Division based in London. Duties will involve visiting schools and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational Bodies. General educational experience of as varied a nature as possible is desirable and this should include experience of teaching in school and a good knowledge of the educational system. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.C.C. can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope and mark correspondence "Education London, N. Stm." Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from the date of this insertion.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Publicity Officer, Midland Region. Duties include the assembling of publicity material, and its dissemination to the Press and to B.B.C. publications, the handling of enquiries and listeners' correspondence about the work of the B.B.C.; liaison with the Press; the preparation of pamphlets, writing and lecturing on B.B.C. activities, and organising Radio Exhibitions. Experience of journalism essential and knowledge of the history, life and affairs of the Midland counties desirable. Broadcasting experience would be an asset. Starting salary £745 (per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.O.M.R. N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Agricultural Talks Producer, Overseas Talks, Overseas English Services. Duties include acting as agricultural specialist for all Overseas Services, the formulation of ideas for, and the production of talks features on agricultural subjects, and the selection and rehearsal of speakers. Essential qualifications are good theoretical Agricultural training and knowledge of agricultural affairs, an interest in writing for speech and in radio technique. A desirable qualification would be a knowledge of agriculture in countries overseas. Starting salary £745 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Agricultural T.P. N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Educational Psychologist. Candidates must hold a recognised honours degree in Psychology and possess high qualifications in education (including actual teaching experience); they should also have had experience in the work of child psychology in schools, in a Child Guidance Centre, and in lecturing to teachers. Associate Membership of British Psychological Society will be an additional recommendation. Salary according to grade (a) of the National Scale for Inspectors, etc., of L.E.A.'s, viz. £650—£850 (men) or £585—£680 (women). Application forms and full particulars of the appointment will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Enquiries should be marked "Educational Psychologist," and all completed applications should reach the undersigned not later than December 16, 1950. F. Lincoln Ralphs, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Streetcy Rd., Norwich.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers are invited to apply to the London County Council for a new position which involves the co-ordination of enquiries in a short-stay reception home and observation centre conducted by the Children's Committee. The centre will be the first to be opened in London. Candidates should have experience in work with children, organising ability and initiative, and hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) or other approved qualification. Salary in accordance with the scale approved by the J.N.C. Candidates who are interested in this work are invited to apply for further particulars to the Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Applications should be received by December 16, 1950. (1450.)

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for unestablished (i.e. non-pensionable) posts in H.M. Prison and Borstal Service at Birmingham, Bristol, Durham, Liverpool, Manchester, Reading, Winchester and London. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, would involve the carrying out of intelligence, personality and temperament and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary scales: Men £350 x £10—£400 per annum; Women £280 x £10—£320 per annum. Starting pay may be increased according to experience. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84.4.S), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle Street Westminster, London, S.W.1, to be returned by Dec. 16, 1950.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited for the posts (man and woman) of Youth Employment Officer in Division Grade A.P.T. III. Duties will be mainly in connection with boys and girls of 16 and over. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the above grade. London Allowance. Applicants should preferably hold a University degree or other educational qualifications. Experience of any of the following will be useful: Industry, The Professions, The Youth Employment Service or teaching of older pupils. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed foolscap envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

WORKERS Educational Association Organiser appointment is to be made for Tyneside area. Main duties will be work among Trade Unions. Salary £400, rising to £500 per annum. Closing date for applications December 22, 1950. Particulars and application form from District Secretary, W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHROPSHIRE County Education Committee.—Shropshire County Library.—Applications are invited from chartered librarians for the post of Branch Librarian at Oakengates, at a salary in accordance with Grade APT II of the National Scheme of Conditions of Service. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Oakengates is an industrial urban district with a population of about 11,000. The library was opened in March last. Issues, of which nearly 25% are non-fiction, are already over 8,000 a month and are increasing. The particular interests of the very active local Technical College and of the various industries are specially catered for by a strong technical section. The much used children's section is shortly to be expanded. Details and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, and applications should be returned within a fortnight of the date of this advertisement.—H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

AN engineering firm in Manchester requires a Librarian to undertake extracting, recording and filing of technical and commercial matter appropriate to the firm's activities. Applicants should have full librarian's qualifications and preferably experience in reference or technical libraries. Commencing salary £400-£500 per annum depending on qualifications and experience. The post includes participation in the company's pension and profit-sharing schemes. Applicants are requested to state age, qualifications and experience and when available. Box 9838.

LEEDS Council of Social Service requires senior family caseworker (woman). Training and experience essential, with ability to supervise a department. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars apply Secretary, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Department. Milton Grange Reception Centre, Moseley.—Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons, for the posts of Resident Housemothers—salary 102s. 0d. per week, increasing to 121s. 0d. per week, less 23s. 0d. for board, lodging and laundry. Candidates should be over 25 years of age, and should have had good experience of residential work with children. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the undersigned at 102, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3 (Quote advt. No. 12058.) Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee. Two Wardens reqd., one for the Meadows Community Centre and the other for the Sycamore Community Centre. Salary £300 × £15—£555 Pensionable. Further particulars and form of applic. from: F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Sub-Warden required in December. For further particulars write immediately to: The Warden, 20 Every St., Manchester, 4.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Superintendent and Matron (married couple) required at Broad Oak Children's Home, Accrington. Present accommodation 19 to 30, and girls 2-15 years of age, later 37 children, including nursery group. Salaries—Superintendent—£295 x £15—£340, Matron—£265 x £15—£310, both with full residential emoluments. Though previous experience in a Children's Home will be an advantage and the Matron should preferably be S.R.N., R.C.C.N., S.R.N. or a Certificated Nursery Nurse, applicants will be considered who have had experience in Social and Educational work with children or young people. Application forms from County Children's Officer, County Offices, Preston, returnable by December 9.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of Assistant Warden at the Second Residential Co-operative Youth Centre, Dalston Hall, near Carlisle. Previous experience is not an essential requirement. Write, giving details of age, education, past exp., and names of 2 referees, to the Warden.

HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a., rising to £300 with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

MARRIED couple required for work in co-educational prep. school. Husband to be responsible for managing small school farm on which the children work as part of their curriculum, and to take P.T. and games with the boys. Wife to undertake form teaching. Both required to undertake normal resident staff duties. Accommodation and fare provided. A real understanding of children more essential than academic qualifications. Apply: Principal, Bylands, Stratfield Turgis, nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

MANTON Association, Ltd. (by guarantee), formed for providing remedial employment for T.B. convalescents, requires a Manager for a factory in Caernarvon. Applicant must have experience of engineering and administration, and must show keenness and initiative in making this voluntary public service a success. Applications to the Secretary, 15 Palace St., Caernarvon, with full details of qualifications and experience, salary required and names of three references.

RECOGNISED Co-educational Day School requires January (Preparatory ages) Qualified Master English subjects, aiming at real cultural standards and efficiency. Box 9459.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRINTS. Experienced representatives reqd. for Scotland including North England, London, and Ireland, for leading publisher of high quality colour reproductions. Car essential. Good income, commission and exps. Full partics. in confidence to Box 9504.

INTERCHANGE Appointments for Teachers in Norway and Sweden.—Applications are invited for interchange appointments in Norwegian and Swedish State Schools from teachers with good experience in English and Welsh Secondary Schools providing advanced work and who are between the ages of thirty and forty years. The teachers interchanged will be expected to teach English language and literature throughout the Norwegian or Swedish schools to which they are attached. They will transfer their salaries to the country they are visiting. Two teachers will be appointed in Norway and three in Sweden. The Swedish authorities are offering a travelling grant amounting to 1,000 crowns (approx. £70) to each teacher. The interchange appointments will be for the whole school year, 1951-52, and will not involve a post-to-post exchange. Applications should be made as soon as possible and none can be considered after February 28, 1951. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, External Relations Branch, Ministry of Education, Curzon St., London, W.1.

POSTS as Senior Assistants Abroad. Applications are invited for posts as Senior Assistants in schools in France, Austria, Denmark and the Netherlands from teachers with good experience in English and Welsh secondary schools providing advanced work, and who are between the ages of thirty and forty years. Posts in France and Austria will be restricted to modern language specialists. Posts in Denmark and the Netherlands are not so restricted. Senior Assistants will be expected to teach English language and literature throughout the schools to which they are attached and will be paid a salary similar to that of qualified teachers of the same standing in the country to which they are appointed. There will be some sixteen posts in all and will be tenable for the whole of the school year, 1951-52. Applications should be made as soon as possible and none can be considered after February 28, 1951. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from Secy., External Relations Branch, Ministry of Education, Curzon St., London, W.1.

POSITION open as Administrative Assistant in International Educational Travel Organisation. Knowledge of European languages and experience in travel, international student, or general administrative work required. Write Box 9885.

SMALL Co-educational Boarding School, beautiful surroundings, requires qualified Master in English subjects. Housemaster's duties aiming at efficient discipline and cultural standards. Box 9460.

TEACHING Headmaster required by small Preparatory School in London area, to commence in January, 1951. Box 9668.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3, requires teacher for junior group for January. Non-resident.

DULWICH College.—Applications are invited from women, who are well qualified shorthand-typists with secretarial experience, for the post of Secretary to The Master. In fixing the commencing salary regard will be had to previous experience of a responsible nature. Duties will commence in January, 1951. Letters of application, stating age, particulars of education and experience, shorthand and typing speeds, together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach The Master, Dulwich College, London, S.E.21, as soon possible.

MONTH of January. Full-time experienced shorthand typist required. Only those with high speeds, accuracy, impeccable English, should apply. Assist professional woman this period to begin with. Possibility more work later for suitable applicant. Box 9873.

GARDENER-handyman and Assistant Matron needed in small Boarding School for boys and girls in beautiful house and grounds, Leicestershire. Box 9463.

POLITICIAN (Socialist) and journalist reqs. educated housekeeper-assistant run house London, with morning help. Typing experience advantage. Please state full particulars and salary reqd. Box 9501.

DOMESTIC help required to live in. Own bed-sit. Pleasant surroundings on Eastern outskirts of London on Central line. Free hand to suitable person, reasonable hours and good wages. Box 9628.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIALIST, 29, with ability and humanity, now studying Final LL.A., seeks interesting service of social value preferably in non-profit-making or co-operative organisation. Living wage only required. Box 9487.

ADMINISTRATIVE post in London area reqd by business woman (33) now holding responsible post in personnel management. Ex-priv. secy. Wide general exp. Academic, research, literary, commercial pref. Box 9549.

YOUNG lady, 24, B.A. Honours History, shorthand-typing, French, seeks interesting post. Box 9561.

SHORTHAND-typist, disliking commerce, seeks secretarial work connected art, music, or literature. Good knowledge French. Box 9431.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

LADY Grad., B.Sc., capable to take any respons. position. Interested in politics, spks. French; good personality. Box 9520.

EDUCATED lady, good appearance, personality, languages, admin. experience, seeks responsible position. Box 9375.

LADY (40), exptl. sh.-typing, lit. French, Italian, travelled, studying spare time for Art Diploma, reqs. perm. post. Box 9562.

FELLOWSHIPS

SOUTH Oaks, a 229-bed Psychiatric Hospital environs New York City, has vacancy two Fellowships in Psychiatry, $3,000 each with full maintenance. Apply M. S. Tilley, M.D., Sunrise Highway, Amityville, New York.

PERSONAL

LONDON, Finchley. Bed-sitting rooms, h. & c., gas fire, offered in return occasional domestic help, headmaster's family. Suitable for student. Box 9441.

ELDERLY person may have small bungalow rent free, exchange for bee keeping gardening, housework, secretarial work or rearing calves. Oliver, Doddington, Kent.

ISRAELI Communal Farm would be grateful if readers would pass on to them copies of "Economist," "Studio," or similar journals. Miss Bamberger, Kvuzat Lavee, P.O.B. 24, Tiberias, Israel.

WOULD any reader undertake to post regularly a copy of "The New Statesman & Nation" to student-patients at the Sanatorium Universitaire de Beiggnon? Box 9500.

EXPERIENCED couple (vegetarians) willing take responsibility domestic duties, country house, early 1951. Unf. cottage ess., essential, suggestions welcomed. Box 9479.

EXP. t/typist requires work at home. Own m/c., reasonable terms. Box 9578.

FURNISHED flats, Menton, from £2 per week. Box 9506.

WRITER (m., under 30) offers similar person (m.) share spacious flat, Menton (Riviera). £4 p.w., inclusive. Information: Tel.: MOU. 9182 or Box 9503.

PAYING Guests, Cap D'Antibes, 5 minutes, English-Russian spoken, 1,000 francs daily, period reduction. Box 9514.

THREE sisters invite Paying Guests to quiet country house, S.W. France. Excellent food and air. Delpit, Logis des Francs, Cherveux, D-Sèvres.

H. E. Unger gives private tuition in Commercial Art. Complete training to Professional Standard. 23 Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, N.6. MOU. 8832.

THE House on the Hill, day nursery and kindergarten, 5 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 1662. Full particulars from the Principals.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Accom. for a conference is offered at Needler Hall, Cottingham, between March 20 and April 5, 1951. Accommodation available for 68 persons. Further partics. and terms from the Registrar, University College of Hull.

STUDIO Theatre to be let. Lectures, rehearsals, performances. Box 8943.

WELL-fitted stage Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds; Colonic irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

AUTHORS of rejected MSS., literary and scientific, wishing to found own publishing company, write: Dr. A. D. Heller, 34 Audley Rd., Colchester.

INFORMATION bulletins, journals of Societies or Institutions: consultant editor & designer will undertake presentation, layout and finalization of text for printer. Mod. fees. Enquiries invited from Embassies, literary, social & industrial bodies. Box 9268.

NO time for a holiday? Have a course of nerve manipulation. A therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. A reinvigorating treatment, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

GOOD speech, Stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor. Adrian Hurley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kállerström, 11 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Hertling, Ph.D., 7 Broadsbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

FRENCH lady, diploma, would give lessons conversation, grammar. Box 9445.

BE a fluent public speaker by Christmas. Full particulars: VICtoria 9566.

F. KRAMER gives lessons in Portrait Painting. Flat C, 93 Greencroft Gdns., N.W.6.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSURE Against Cost of Illness. Medical and nursing home fees for serious illness or operation can amount to substantial sums. Membership of this non-profit Assoc. relieves you of this dread. Booklet with full details free: British United Provident Assoc. (23/49), 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

PERSONAL—*continued*

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Nem. 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

EXHIBITING Artist has vacancies few pupils. Beginners welcome. Moderate fees. Blue Mines, Maids Vale 2413.

STAMMERING thoroughly cured. Send for Dr. "The Truth about Stammering" to E. E. Burker, 61 Ebbley Rd., Handsworth Wood, Birmingham 20, who cured himself.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

DAM that draught with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

JIG-Saws cut from accurate and illustrated Maps make enthralling gifts for children or adults. Heart of London and S.E. England 2s. 6d. Heart of Paris and Shakespeare's Country 2s. 9d. Through W. H. Smith and other stationers or Francis Chichester, 9 St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

WINE Tokens for Xmas. Laytons Wine Merchants, 2a Dale St., Manchester Square, W.1. WEL. 1864. Write for list.

KEEP domestic peace by finding the right Christmas presents for grandmothers, mothers-in-law, uncles, sweethearts and other difficult people at Primavera, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1. Open until 6 p.m. on Dec. 9 and 16. SLOane 5779.

CHRISTMAS Cards of individual character, from original wood-engravings by contemporary artists, mostly hand-printed, 6d. to 2s. 6d. Sample box sent on request. Carnival Press, 85 Bedford Gdns, London, W.8.

CHRISTMAS cards from paintings of Old and Modern Masters (Breughel, Degas, John, Matisse, Picasso, Utrillo, etc.) can be obtained from the The Soho Gallery, Ltd., 15 Soho Sq., London, W.1. Tel: GER. 4093/4. Price 1s. 3d. each.

FRANCE-Hampstead. We have still got some charming Trier Xmas Cards with French greetings, Czech-designed toys, Trier books, and huge selection Gordon Fraser cards.

JOHN HOLLIS, Hampstead. See the above and John Hollis' child-photographs at 9 Heath St., N.W.3, 1 min. from Everyman. We have customers from all over London. Portraits by Jane Bown of "The Observer."

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts., Elisabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

SWISS Hols. at low cost, lovely setting, gt. reduct. for groups, Eng. management: Hotel Marecottes, Marecottes, Valais, Switz.

FRENCH Riviera 10 days' holiday for £22 10s. from London includes coach travel Grenoble to Nice across the Alps and Nice to Marseilles along Mediterranean coast, 7 days' full board in Nice and all meals en route. Write, call/phone, now for details: Contours, Ltd. 72 Newman St. W.1. MUS. 8499 & 6463.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including escort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Racken, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

WEEK-end country house parties. London dances. Write now for Christmas programme: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 or CHA. 5831.

WHAT shall I do for Christmas? Come to Paris with my small friendly party and enjoy yourself. Cost from London only £19 15s. incl. tours and theatre. John Lamming, Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra. 2781.

WINTER Sports. Independent inclusive arrangements. Germany (10 days), £23 19s. Austria (10 days), £27 9s. Norway (13 days), £28 9s. 6d. Switzerland (10 days), £29 15s. France (10 days), £30 11s. Write for Winter Brochure, giving details of arrangements at over 60 centres, to Co-operative Travel Service (C.W.S., Ltd.), 99/115 Leman Street, London, E.1.

WINTER Sports in Austria, Italy and Switzerland. 14 days from 22gns. 10 days in the Riviera sunshine from 21½gns. Apply now to Apal Travel, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. Museum 9351/2.

CHRISTMAS will soon be here! Join an informal houseparty of young professional and university people and look forward to a gay Christmas in pleasant company. Also Christmas winter sports party in the Tyrol (£28 inc. for a 15-day holiday). Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPEND New Year in Geneva. Party leaves Dec. 29 from London for Peoples' Convention, one week Geneva, including journey, £16. Apply Victor Hill, 98 Magnolia Rd., Bitterne, Southampton.

"THIS England." No collected edition this year, but 1946-9 selection (illused. Searle) makes admirable Xmas card (2s.).

PERSONAL—*continued*

"HINTS on Etiquette" with Brian Robb's illustrations, remains as the most charming and amusing Christmas gift book. 7s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

CHRISTMAS on Ski in Tyrol. All ages welcome. Private party Dec. 23-Jan. 2, £21; Dec. 23-Jan. 7, £25. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 53/53 Lattimer Sq., W.8. Phone BAY. 1664. Basic serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

CAMPDEN Hill, available mid-Jan., very large, exceptionally well furn., sunny, bedsitting room in private house. Suit M.P. or professional man. Terms incl. baths and heat from £4 4s. acding. to meals and service reqd. Box 9001 or 'phone WES. 7920.

LONDON. Prof. people seeking 2 really well-furn. service rm. with breakfast & dinner, close West End, are invited to call at Park Hse., 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

UNFURNISHED flat, 2 or 3 rooms, kitch., bath.; with half share attractive Regency freehold house, N.1. Estimated outlay £650; & 35s. weekly. Very attractive rooms and outlook. Extremely good travel facilities. Genuine proposition 50-50 basis. Box 9714.

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UNITY. EUS. 5391. Herb Tank's "Longitude 49." Weds. to Suns., 7.30, until Dec. 31. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

UNIVERSITY College, London, Dramatic Society presents "Granite," by Clemence Dane. Dec. 5, 6, 7, 8 at 7.30; mat. Dec. 6 at 2.30. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. from Business Manager, Gower St., W.C.1.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 3: Marx Bros. in "Monkey Business" (U). From Dec. 4: Preston Sturges Season—until Dec. 6: "Sullivan's Travels" (U); from Dec. 7: "Hail The Conquering Hero" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 424✔. Dec. 3, 7.30: "Colonel Chabert" (A) (French).

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 123rd Studio Recital at Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., at 8.30 on Tues., Dec. 5. Chairman: Benjamin Frankel. 1st Speaker: Charles Spinks.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Dec. 3, 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn Philharmonia String Quartet. Beethoven in E flat, Op. 127; Frankel No. 2; Haydn in C, Op. 54. Adm. 1s.

EDRIC Connor will give a recital at Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, on Thursday, December 7, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. from League of Coloured Peoples, 19, Old Queen St., S.W.1 (WHI 6591) and at door.

CONWAY Hall, December 15, at 7.30. Alan Bush 50th Birthday Concert: Max Rostal (Violin Concerto); excerpts "Wat Tyler" (Fest. of Brit. award-winning opera); Anna Pollak, Ethel Lyon, Gordon Holdom, W.M.A. Singers; cond. Bernard Stevens; at the piano, the Composer. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., W.M.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. PAD. 8670.

JOAN Cross and Peter Pears with Peter Gellhorn at the Piano (presented by The English Opera Group). Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Mon., Dec. 11, at 7.30. Recital of music from Operas by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi and a Contemporary group by Vaughan Williams, Lawrance Collingwood and Roberto Gerhard. The programme will be introduced by The Earl of Harewood. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d., usual Agents & Ibbs & Tillett Ltd. 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

LE Martyre de Saint Sebastien (Debussy); Symphonie Fantastique (Berlioz). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Dec 6, at 7.30. Michael Redgrave, Alan Judd, Joan Alexander, Marjorie Avis, Suzanne Danco, Maude Baker, Margaret Roffe, A. Stenson, of the London Philharmonic Choir. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Albert Wolff. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (KEN 8712) and usual Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition Oils, Water Colours, Drawings, Sculpture. 10-5. Exc. Sun.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Third Series—Courbet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

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LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Paintings by Robert Colquhoun. Daily 10-5.30.

PICASSO in Provence. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St. Open till Dec. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and designs for Murals, by Cuma Dallas. Until Dec. 9.

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TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions V, including Constable's Study for "The Lock" and Paintings by Gainsborough, Wilson, Delacroix, Manet, Corot, Utrillo, etc.; Daily 9.30-5, Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

EXHIBITION of Children's Drawings from Poland, at 81 Portland Place, London, W.1. Open daily from Nov. 25 to Dec. 8, Saturdays inclusive. Entrance free.

S.E.A. Pictures for Schools exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High St., London, E.1, November 18 to December 9. Hours: Weekdays (except Mondays), 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

COLOUR reproductions for gifts: The Phanix Gallery has a wide selection to choose from, including many French Impressionists. Call Mon.-Fri. (9.30-6), 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

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EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

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TRAFFORD Gallery, 119 Mount Street, W.1. Recent Works by Manuel Benaim. Until Dec. 13.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled "The Elizabethan Age," will be given by Professor J. E. Neale at 5.30 p.m. on December 11, at the University of London Senate House (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq., W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London:—A lecture on "Zoroaster" will be delivered by Professor J. Duchesne-Guillemin on Wednesday, December 8, at 5.30 p.m. at the Senate House (entrance Malet Street).

UNIVERSITY of London. The Sanderson-Wells Lecture entitled "Food and Folly" will be given by Sir Stanton Hicks at 5.30 p.m. on December 14 at the University of London Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Russell Sq. or Malet St.). Admission free, without ticket.

GREECE: John Sofianopoulos (Greek Democratic Alliance), Geoffrey Bing, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P. Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park U.G.), 7 p.m., Monday, December 11, 1950. Tckts. 6d. at the door or from Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

SOUTH African Student Association: Alec Reed will talk on his recent trip to South Africa and India. Tuesday, Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Nutford House, Nutford Place, W.1., near Marble Arch. Visitors welcome.

"ASPECTS of Negro Culture," talk by Archie Simons, on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8 p.m. at Zion House, 75 Cazenove Rd., N.16. World Jewish Congress Youth Group (North London Branch).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LANgham 6593). "Warsaw—The City of Peace." Speaker: Norma Turner, Editor of "New Poland," who covered the 2nd World Peace Congress. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8 p.m., at 81 Portland Pl., W.1. All welc. Refr.

"PROBLEMS of Leadership" — Public Lectures sponsored by Iona Education Centre. Speakers: Dr. E. Graham Howe and Mary Macaulay. Chair: Leslie Smith, Director of National Peace Council. Alliance Hall, Westminster, 8 p.m. Dec. 4. Adm. 2s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Dec. 5, Hector Hawton: "Humanism as a New World-View." Adm. free. Collection.

"MILITARY Defence of the Free World": Address by Cyril Falls (Professor of History of War, Oxford), Tuesday, Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Church House, Westminster. Admission 1s. at door. Tickets (reserved 2s. 6d.) from 6c Elizabeth St., S.W.1. British League for European Freedom.

DR. E. Graham Howe will speak on "The Concept of Polarity in Relation to the Vital Circulation," Dec. 8, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl. Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 9, at 6 p.m. Mr. Hambloch (Anglo-Brazilian Society): "The Approach to Brazil."

C.P. Snow on "Time of Hope, a Writer's Outlook." Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Rd., S.W.6. Monday, Dec. 11, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

BERNARD Newman, Lantern Lecture on "Poland 1945." Tues., Dec. 5, 7.30 p.m. Anglo-Polish Society, Sikorski Institute, 20 Prince's Gate, S.W.7. Limited number tickets available (free) to non-mbrs. at door.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sun., 3 p.m., at 11 a.m. Dec. 3, Joseph McCabe: "The Philosophy of Epicurus." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Dec. 3: Can the Dead Communicate?

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C., 7.30 p.m. Mon., Dec. 4, Norman Haire on Sexual Deviations (2). Adm. non-members 2s. Enqs. with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WELbeck 7840.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture. Wed., Dec. 6, 6.30. "Self-realisation." Mr. B. C. Nandi.

RAINER Maria Rilke—readings from his works by Madia Kraus-Pines, Thursday, Dec. 7, 7.30. Institute of Education Theatre, Malet St. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. at Inkpen & Williams, 13 Thayer St., and from Library of the German Language, 4B Belsize Grove, N.W.3. PRI. 6083.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

BIRKBECK College (Univ. of London), E.C.4. Lunch-hour Lectures, Fri., 1.15-2 p.m., by C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit. Dec. 1, "Philosophy and Psycho-analysis"; Dec. 8, "Philosophy and Evolution." Adm. free.

ASIAN Inst., 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. James Cameron and Tom Driberg, M.P., "Personal Impressions in Korea," Thurs., Dec. 7 at 7 p.m. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun. Dec. 3 at 7.45, 783 Finchley Road, Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop 2, 28, 645, 660). Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A.: "Communism versus Humanism."

DYNAMIC Peace Making. — Meetings arranged by the Ethical Union, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., at 7 p.m. (2) Mon., Dec. 4, M. L. Burnet: Doctrines, Values & Goals.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, 7.30 p.m. Thurs., Dec. 7, Triangle of Devotion; Dec. 14, God as Parent, Child, Friend, Master.

FOR those who are interested in a deeper understanding of Life and World Trends, W. J. Stein lectures every Saturday at 3 p.m. in Kingsway Hall.

"RUDOLF Steiner's Impulse in Natural Philosophy." Lecture by Dr. Friedeberg at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Wednesday, December 6, at 7 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FABIAN Conference, Sunday, December 10, 2.30 to 7 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Enterprise in Socialist Society." Lecturer: G. D. H. Cole. Details and tickets (3s. 6d. incl. tea) with s.a.e. from P. H. Meyer, 68 Holland Park, W.11.

FABIAN New Year School, Southdean, Middleton-on-Sea, nr. Bognor Regis, Sussex. "Socialist Stocktaking," Dec. 30 to Jan. 1, 1951. Director: James Callaghan, M.P. Debate: "That Socialism has ceased to Appeal." J. Enoch Powell, M.P. v. James Johnson, M.P. Other spkrs.: C. A. R. Crosland, M.P., Donald Chapman. Applics. & enquiries to: Schools Secy., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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TRIBUNE Christmas Book Number, 32 pages. Essays and Reviews by Peter Quennell, Hamilton Fyfe, Edmund Crispin, T. R. Fyvel, Alex Comfort, Daniel George, Scott Goddard, Alan Ross and others. Also J. P. W. Mallalieu's "Westminster Commentary," "Straight Talk," by Ian Mikardo, and "Britain's Coal Difficulties," by Jennie Lee.

THE Prague Decisions on Germany.—Most discussed international document of the day. Read the full text of the decisions by the eight East European governments, containing their positive proposals for the immediate solution of the German problem, pointing the way forward to peace and democracy in Germany. Introduction by Gordon Schaffer. Price 3d., discount on orders of 12 or over, from all bookshops or from the "New Central European Observer," 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

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"COUNTRY and Travel," the journal for all interested in the countryside. Contributors to December number include Ivor Brown, Julian Huxley, Ian MacKay and Geoffrey Winthrop Young. 1s. 6d. from any newsagent. Specimen copy 1s. 8d. (10s. for 6 issues), from Country and Travel, 49, Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, popular-scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults. 2s. 3d., post free. Annual subscription (6 issues) 10s. 6d. Enquiries, with stamped addressed env to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. WEL. 7840.

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